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Chinese Ladies

at

Home

Margaret MacLean



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Chinese Ladies at Home.

Can this be China? The China **SHANGHAI!** that travellers have told about and filled us with pity for its inhabitants, and awakened a desire to see for ourselves: this city which, from the great Whangpoo River, shows a wide street with a park on the side next the river and on the other side a row of handsome buildings, equal to those of any ordinary European, or American city. Yes, it is China, but China Westernized and made a delightful place of residence, showing in a measure what could be done for more of China. Should one arrive on a Sunday morning, Shanghai would appear like a self-respecting Western town; church bells ringing, and families going to church, the children looking fairer and cleaner even than in their homelands in contrast to the native children. But this is only a first impression, for in the suburbs golf is being played, paper chases are being run, and Sunday is made into a day for sport. This may also be Western; but it is hardly Sabbath-observing.

The Bund, the first street in Shanghai that the traveller sets foot on, is a handsome thoroughfare filled with a strange concourse of people, making it difficult to tell what country one is really in, for the buildings are mainly Occidental and the people mainly Oriental. The lower classes of both sexes in China wear garments of a hard, bright-blue color that seems to stand out conspicuously, absolutely refusing, even when toned down with many coats of dirt, to harmonise with the surroundings; and the lower classes swarm everywhere.

Swarm is not usually the word when referring people; but China is not an ordinary country and the Chinese swarm; no other word so fully

describes the condition. Add to these, representatives, in national costume, of almost every country in the world, and a medley of ways of transportation from the burden bearing coolie, and the Chinese wheel barrow, to the Englishman's, or the wealthy Chinaman's, brougham with plate-glass windows, or an automobile, and then you have only a faint idea of the traffic on the Bund in Shanghai. When you see, dashing past, broughams, and victorias with coachmen and footmen in correct costume, and high dog carts driven by stylish young ladies you exclaim, "Can this be China?" You know it is, for no sooner are those words spoken than you see a dark gloomy-looking sedan chair coming bobbing along on the shoulders of two coolies while a third runs ahead shouting "clear the way," or the Chinese equivalent. If the chair contain a man he can be seen fat and sleek, (I never happened to see a thin Chinaman riding in a chair), and clad in silk brocade garments that in winter are fur-lined; but should the occupant be a lady then the curtain is drawn and all that can be seen are her two tiny feet always daintily clad in embroidered shoes. Old time etiquette demands that a lady should not be seen when on the street; not so with the women of the lower classes for they pass sitting on the shelf of the wheelbarrow, their poor bound feet dangling in the air and looking like mutilated stumps. It is so often said that women of the

lower classes do not bind their
FOOT-BINDING feet. They do, at least in
Shanghai and in Soochow, for

in these places I saw, again and again, beggars, in rags and filth, and covered with vermin, with bound feet. I also saw women stumping along to their work on bound feet, walking more like geese than human beings. I did not see a bound foot uncovered. I might have, but shrank from the painful sight, as photographs and description gave one a fair idea of this barbarous custom inflicting life-long suffering, no matter how gradually and carefully it is performed, on millions. The crowding of all the *toes, but the big toe, under the foot; the arching of*

the foot (which curve is called the "Golden Hook"); the gradual snapping of the instep, all cause a life of misery from about the age of seven. This is when the binding is carefully done: what if it be carelessly done? In that case the feet often rot, blood poisoning sets in, and death becomes a happy release. I have this information not from such as hastily travel through a few of the ports, or from uninformed people, but from those who love the Chinese and have been with them for years. One day when talking about the Emperor to an old lady, who at the age of seventy had gone through the painful process of unbinding her feet, and that was two years before I met her, she went away off to her room and returned with a picture of the Emperor. My friend remonstrated with her for walking so far, but she said "Now, I do not mind going many times to my room from here; but before I unbound my feet, to walk from my room here (here was the main reception hall of the house) was Hell." My friend, knowing the Chinese ladies so well, was ever mindful when calling in their homes not to keep them standing, for that would cause the feet to bleed. This custom is so well known to outsiders that there is no need to go farther into the subject except to say "Do not believe anything you may hear about it not paining them." The Nation is awakening to the cruelty of this, and anti-foot-binding societies of purely Chinese membership, although it was the invasion of foreign influence that originated them, are now in the leading cities; but it will be many, many years before women will cease to totter on their big toe and heel painfully along the streets.

The traffic at the corner of the
IN SHANGHAI Bund and Nanking Road is a veritable piece of London, in the East. There stands the English bobby, looking as though he had just come from home on the last steamer, guiding the strange medley of vehicles and people, and assisted in his task by handsome Sikh policemen in the regulation uniform, save the

headgear which is a scarlet turban wound in true Indian fashion around and around the head so that the bands of silver thread which glisten in the sunshine come over the forehead; and also by Chinese policemen whose uniform is a combination, foreign and native, but which looks very neat and clean, particularly when compared with the dress of those whose ways he helps to guide. The law compels all drivers to indicate by the upholding of an arm which way they intend to turn.

Nanking Road is the fashionable drive, and in the late afternoon it is thronged with people, both Chinese and foreign, showing-off themselves and their carriages. Carriage attendants are called, "Mafoo," and no matter how many there may be the coachman is No. I. Mafoo; these creatures are the most ludicrous to be seen in Shanghai. Picture, and keep from smiling if you can, a lady dressed in the latest Parisian fashion driving in a stylish dog cart with her Mafoo (footman) standing behind, dressed in a dirty white night shirt looking garment upon which lies his long black queue like a spinal column, and on his head a light brown 'Fedora.' This is not an exaggeration. I saw it. The Mafoo are miserable looking beings in a laughable uniform, but in a fine one they look worse, for then the dirt and general unattractiveness of the wearer is accentuated. The really correct dress for a Mafoo could not be told, for fancy seemed to run riot.

Shanghai in general is in a state of transition. What the foreigners disapprove of they say is Chinese; what the Chinese disapprove of is foreign. Nanking Road is a strange mixture of countries; there are large shops representing the business firms of many European and American cities, while squeezed in between these will be a native shop, open to the street, being windowless and doorless but brilliant with black, or red signs, always gold lettered with the queer, fantastic hieroglyphics of the country's language.

Sign-boards are a conspicuous part of the decoration of Nanking Road, and the characters are so

large that he who runs may read if he be able. Even in Shanghai, the model Settlement, smells permeate everywhere and are a constant reminder that the country is China. Whether it be the subtle smell of incense, or of opium (which one lady told me smelled like fried bacon), or what, do not investigate but just classify it as Chinese for it will be with you as long as you remain in the land. The streets in Shanghai are not all as are the Bund and Nanking Road; there are mean ones, hidden up alleys and by creeks, and can be seen by a walk along the Quai des Fosses and the Quai de la Breche that run along the moat that surrounds the old native city. The water in this moat is filthy and at low tides is only sufficient to keep the bottom muddy, yet people wash their rice and food in it, use it for cooking; and they live. Eating only well cooked food has been the salvation of the Chinese, for had not instinct, I cannot think it is knowledge, warned them that only by prolonged boiling would germs be killed, there would be no Chinese left to inhabit those dirty boats which make home for so many, and which are in every way unsightly at high tide, and at low tide when they are stranded in the awful black mud they are loathsome.

I will describe this section because it is as a fringe to Shanghai, and is neither true Western nor Eastern. It is a part of the French Settlement that

**FRENCH
SETTLEMENT**

the French, after naming the streets, left to itself to grow as it would. When one goes into the French Settlement one expects to hear French spoken, and perhaps hear Chinese with a French accent. The names of the streets and a few large buildings with R. F. in letters of gold on them are unmistakable. If you go near enough to the Bund, a "sergeant de ville," absolutely the same as is seen in Paris—peaked cap, waxed moustache, baggy red trousers, blue cloak—and beyond him a Frenchified Chinese policeman, are all that is seen to remind one of the French municipal government. An occasional shop displays not a French sign as expected, but an English one: and many

of the better class of shops have their business card printed in English while advertisements of foods, typewriters, and whiskies were the old familiar ones. English is fast becoming *the* foreign language in China. Signs, indicating that English is taught therein, are seen quite often. One in a prominent place read "English Language School. Every night at seven o'clock begin to reading and at nine o'clock be left." When once the Rue du Consulat, the main street of the French Settlement, is passed, and no more are policemen of any kind to be seen, and being unable to speak a word of the language of those who swarmed around, one knows not what a moment may bring forth. Each small street is devoted to one branch of business, and in every nook is either a fortune teller, a public letter writer, or a barber at work. Along the creek side are shanties or improvised shops, where the owners display the fag-ends of everything, hoping some one may find a use for each article. There are clever people who can pick up things valuable and rare and ancient in these filthy collections, but the uncertainty of finding treasures prevented me from even going very close to these evil smelling places; my prosaic mind dwelt more in the possibility of getting small-pox than of curios. A few of the more pretentious stores evidently catered to foreign trade, for their owners understood enough English to give the necessary information about the articles in their stores. In shopping in China never give the first named price; that is not expected. The price is named; the buyer objects: the seller always says "How much you give?" Thereupon the buyer states his price which must be below what he is willing to give. Each knows that the other has gone to an extreme yet such preliminaries are necessary. Finally while the buyer is remaining firm on say \$ 85, and the seller on \$ 90, as happened to me one day in a supposed to be one-price store, the seller will say "you give \$ 2.50 and I give \$ 2.50." All *right*. The deal is then closed at \$ 87.50. But the *native shops* in French town are not one-price

places, so bargaining is all the more necessary. One day finding the price of a vase to be \$ 12 00 I offered the contents of my purse \$ 1.20 and a 10 cent postage stamp but my humble offering was scornfully refused; not being discouraged, and persisting, I bought it for \$ 3.00 and the polite way I was treated made me know that either I had paid far too much, or that they respected my business ability, probably the former. In shopping, too, you must distrust everything and everybody. At first this is repugnant and you refuse, but when you see the natives buying from each other and find that both seller and buyer weigh the purchase, and know that both scales are favorable to the owners, and therefore a proper weight must be argued out; and when you see natives accepting money in change only after ringing it to test whether it be good or bad, you realize it is necessary to look sharp to one's own interests. It is impossible to be up to all the tricks of each trade. The jinrikisha coolie to whom you paid a twenty cent piece will quick as a flash show you a bad one and claim it is the one just received; you know it is not but can do nothing but take it and pay another. Bad money is not a total loss. I had a bad dollar but received for it 85 cents. Cooks keep the house-hold accounts in "cash" and as the value of a cash varies each day they could not be honest even if they would. A cash, ordinarily speaking is the twentieth part of a cent (gold) but tourists, or indeed foreigners in general, have nothing to do with such small money as cash unless they know the exact rate of exchange. Money exchangers are all over the city; and one day wishing to get small change for a dollar I received from one of these men the necessary pieces but held out my hand for more—merely making a guess that he had not given me enough—so he added a cent or two, thereupon I held out my hand again in spite of his disclaimer and received a few cash; I do not know what would have been given had I held out my hand a third time. It may have been my innate Scotch caniness, or my few years living in

the Orient, that made me less susceptible to the blandishments of Chinamen, and my shopping satisfactory except in the case of a chair that was very beautifully made of rose-wood, carved in graceful curves, and inset with a piece of marble the natural grain of which formed a beautiful picture of mountain tops with a few birds flying across. The owner of the chair could not speak English, nor yet French, altho' he lived in that settlement, so by a showing of money and fingers I understood him to say \$ 6.00 but when I offered \$ 3.00 for it I quickly learned it was \$ 60.00. Chinese furniture is very beautiful, and splendid samples of it may be found in Rue Discry near the northern gates of the old city. Ah, those city gates! The West gate comes to mind as I write, with its swarms of filthy people shouting and jostling each other; its congestion of worn-out jinrikishas, of wheelbarrows laden with passengers and freight, of coolies with burdens suspended from bamboo poles, of prisoners tied in a bunch by their pig-tails, of inefficient Chinese police with hats of bamboo like inverted cups, of silk arrayed gentlemen, of Sedan chairs, of hobbling women, of dogs the color of dirty white, of beggars hideous with sores and leprosy, and of travelling kitchens emitting sickening odours. Here where the bedlam is at its worst is a modest brick house-front showing a double door and two windows. It might be the home of a thrifty Western working-man: it is not: it is the entrance to one of the most beautiful Chinese homes in Shanghai. My object in going to China was to see as much as possible of Chinese life, which would have been very, very little had I stayed at a foreign hotel, or in the house of most foreigners who are not missionaries. These foreigners are ever ready to denounce the missionaries in every way, quite unconscious of the fact that they are only displaying their own gross ignorance instead of their superiority. This style of foreigner, and he is only too plentiful, is a vastly superior person, nothing in the country is *good enough* for him and his, yet he stays their

and squeezes every cent he can out of the country while abusing it and its people. Even when he has accumulated wealth he does not leave the constantly abused country; why? because he would find his social standing less high in his much vaunted home-land. Ask him for information—reliable information—about the country, and the answer is always the same "I don't know. We (the tone implies such immeasurable superiority) never have any thing to do with them" (here again the tone conveys a depth that is beyond human measurement). I am not a missionary but had the much valued privilege of staying, while in China, in the homes of missionaries, and found that they could, and gladly did, give information about the country and its inhabitants; and found that they had the entrée of the exclusive homes of the Chinese and were welcome. So when I heard I

**A CHINESE
HOME**

was to call at a beautiful Chinese home near the West gate I was delighted: my delight subsided when we stopped our jinrikishas outside of this working man's modest home and I saw the name "Ku" on the door. I thought it was beautiful only in the sweet charity of their loving hearts, and in contrast to the hub-bub and filth without. The door opened and we entered the stable; sedan chairs sat like coffins on either side of the room while horse harness hung carelessly over poles, showing that somewhere near there doubtless was a horse; passed through into a courtyard, where beautiful chrysanthemums were massed, and upon which the house faced. The Ku family are not of ancient lineage, but wealthy and progressive. The home was magnificent, but not ostentatious. Large wooden double-leafed doors, with lattice-work of exquisite design holding thin pearly oyster-shell lights in place, opened from this courtyard into a large reception hall with ceiling vaulted and floor of stone, artificial I think, for it was so level, and tables and chairs arranged alternately at right angles from each end of the place of honor where Ancestral Tablets are kept and where the incense always burns, in the

orthodox Chinese fashion, the humblest seat being farthest from the place of honor, of course, and occupied by the hostess. Being progressive, Mr. Ku must have some modern improvements in his beautiful home, so one of the reception rooms had floors of tile, while another had the stone floor covered with a rug. The length of this room was artistically broken by a beautifully carved arch in which rested valuable ornaments. It was late in the afternoon, and to see the garden by day-light we had to leave the house before one half of it was seen and go up a staircase built for the tiny feet of the Chinese women and therefore causing us foreigners with our big feet to nearly come to grief. This staircase led to a covered passage that crossed over a narrow street and then to stairs, equally treacherous for foreigners' feet, that when we had descended them took us to the middle of the next block where the garden was. This beautiful home hidden in the centre of one block, and its charming garden in the centre of the next block, made one blink one's eyes and say "am I dreaming? Is all around me teeming with filthy people shrieking at each other? am I surrounded by degraded lives?" Ah! one could easily forget the filth of the Chinese streets; indeed one had to force oneself to remember that everywhere was not as that garden was that afternoon at sunset: the sky was a clear orange colour that shaded off into various tints, and a new moon, seeming of exceptional size and beauty, hung very low, apparently; it was one of those moons where the whole disc can be seen faintly but the patch of light circling one side was as of pure pale gold. Against this background were the curves of Chinese architecture that are so graceful and picturesque. The roof-ridges ended in the shape of a boat, and the boat had figures sitting inside but this was a detail not at first observable. As twilight deepened, the lights within the garden house brought out the perfection of the designs of the latticed doors and windows, making a real Eastern picture. So much *in Eastern life that is picturesque is marred by the accumulation of dirt; but not so here.* This

garden was not all real Chinese, the grass was foreign, likewise a conservatory, and other touches showed the tendency of the age. When it was time to leave and when we had passed through the stable into that horrible street; what an uproar there was! Coolies, wheel-barrow-men, 'ricksha men, all screeching at each other and getting into each other's way and each man as dirty as he could be, with his queue tied up in a knot, looking like a shrew's ill-kept-head, and in the midst of all this bedlam stood an elegant rubber-tired brougham waiting to take us home. Contrasts are everywhere. Occidental and Oriental are side by side. Here, on one side of the road is an up-to date steam roller, while on the other side is a stone roller being pulled by eleven coolies while the twelfth followed and swept off the pebbles and earth that gathered on the roller, and what the thirteenth did I could not discern; there, a wheelbarrow, or a sedan chair, would be disputing the right of way with an automobile, or a bicycle. The streets were ever a source of amusement, whether it were rain or sunshine. My friends were fond of complaining of the noise made by the Japanese wooden shoe, but I thought it was more than outdone by the noise of the Chinamen's rain-boot. When I shut my eyes and take a mental look at the streets of Shanghai I see everywhere dirt, rags, and uncouth mannerisms; and the loud voices of all classes and sexes ring in my ears. While there I missed the gentle tones of the Japanese and their unflinching politeness to others, and to each other, however humble, as well as to those more exalted. As in Japan most of the domestic work of the poor people is done on the street. They do not yet seem to know that Monday is the prescribed "washday," and as they have never seen an iron they cannot know that Tuesday is ironing day. I knew a lady in Canada who could not go to a picnic on Friday because it was sweeping day. There are no such Fridays in China; the traveller would never use the past tense when speaking of sweeping in China. No matter what day one wanders along the streets

women may be seen sitting at low tables at the front doors—I do not believe there are any back doors—with a garment spread upon the table and after soaping, it is scrubbed with a brush until satisfactorily cleaned and then it is rinsed in a tub that stands where a side-walk should be. This is a modern way of washing and I suppose befitting the advanced Shanghai times, but the sisters in the interior go down to one of the many canals that intersect country and city, and souse the garment, then lay it on a stone and hammer the dirt out with a long wooden stick. Often as I have seen the washing done in this way I have never seen it at the clean stage.

Every house, no matter how small or poor, is furnished with an altar, which oftentimes can be seen from the street, with its incense burning, and its food-offering for the dead.

FAMILY ALTAR On the walls around hang gaily colored vertical strips covered with strange lettering, but these do not appeal to one as do the offerings of drink and food, and the burning of paper money, paper clothing, paper houses, paper sedan chairs; indeed, copies in paper of every thing necessary in life time, these are the vivid tokens of their faith. On one of the busiest modern streets in Shanghai I saw a Chinaman burning a pile of ghost money for the benefit of some departed one: again on a similar street a small table of new wood with a bowl of rice and something else on it stood on the side-walk while in the door-way of the house was a woman making forms of worship. This food would be, as the money, for some dear one who had died, lately or long ago, as the case might be.

Many of the blocks are intersected by narrow lanes, and hidden away in these lanes are exquisite stone carvings over the doors. The carvings represent history, or mythology,

THE CREATION and in all cases are works of art. Chinese history begins with the opening of heaven and earth, and they *have accounts* of their own of the creation. The *most popular being* of Pwanku, who, in art is

represented with hammer and chisel, bringing the rude masses of chaotic matter into shape. His labours lasted 18,000 years, and each day as the heavens rose and the earth expanded he increased in stature six feet; at last, his task being completed and the earth made fit for its future inhabitants, he died, and benefitted the world as much by his death as by his life for his head became mountains; his breath wind and clouds; his voice thunder; his limbs were changed into the undulations of the earth's surface; his flesh into fields; his beard, like Bernice's hair, was turned into stars; his skin and hair into herbs and trees; his teeth, bones, and marrow into metals, rock, and precious stones; his dropping sweat increased to rain; and lastly, the insects which stuck to his body were transformed into people.

I prefer the Darwinian theory. But can understand how naturally Chinese came to their conclusions, for insect life and people are so intimately connected in China. No need for entomologists to hunt for insects: insects are no respecters of persons and find their victims wherever they may be; they are not like the evil spirits, easily deceived, but are a splendid example of energy misapplied. In contrast to this is the leisurely occupation of man while airing the bird. This is a time-honored pastime, and in nowhere but in the leisurely East would a man find the time to saunter along a street holding one, or two, bird cages in his hand as he gave the inmates a change of air. There must be some superstition connected with this pastime as it cannot be their innate kindness to inferior creation, for of all the wretched dogs in the world China's are the worst. I hope so any way. In the part of China I visited it is not customary to eat dog flesh, but it seemed the fashion to pour scalding water over them judging by the looks of so many of the poor creatures.

I paid little attention to the past history of the places I visited, for the present conditions occupied so much thought and were so full of interest. Here people were everywhere doing their work in the most primitive way possible, taking days to do what

could be done in as many minutes by modern methods. The shops and workshops are open to the street, having neither doors nor windows, and at night are solidly boarded up. Should you, perchance, come to a shop that is advanced enough to have a door and windows, do not enter as the air will be heavily laden with all that is loathsome to the senses. The Orientals seem to think that foreign windows and doors should never be opened for ventilation; strange, when their native houses are open to the elements. That they are so open we are thankful, for, otherwise we would never see the interesting details of their work, never see men laboriously sawing wood by hand, the wood is put on a high table and steadied by the man's foot being placed on it; to do this it is necessary to have his knee on a level with his chin—an ungainly position: never see a man seated on the floor and steadying a piece of wood with his feet as he draws the plane towards him; never see little native schools with the small boy standing politely with his back to his teacher and see-sawing as he recites his lessons while his companions are all studying aloud. Seeing only boys in the schools

EDUCATION.

I asked what did the women learn, and found that the fortunate ones, that is high class Chinese ladies, learned to read enough to read novels that are demoralizingly sensational, and to do a little embroidery.

Great changes are taking place in China. 'Young China' dons western clothes and discards the queue, and thinks he knows more than the older men of his country, which however is not exclusively an Oriental trait. He may, but

"YOUNG

CHINA."

he goes about in a wrong way to show it. He only proves the old adage "a little learning is a dangerous thing." He goes abroad and receives a smattering of Western education, principally in a country where the trend of education is to exalt the youth of the country at the expense of the matured, and returns "cocky" (that word

is most descriptive); or else learns of the heroes of the world and of what they have done for their respective countries, and is puffed up, and longs to be great by one stroke. He sees China's need of reformation but is too impetuous and uninformed to be a leader, able only to incite to riot, damaging to himself and his cause.

China is awakening to her situation. We fear the yellow peril. China fears the white peril. A cartoon published in a Chinese paper shows why they fear the white peril. In the north is the Russian bear; in the centre the English bull-dog; in the South-east the Yankee eagle; in the South the French frog; while about Formosa is Japan's lasso; and around Shangtung are a line of German sausages.

All China is seething and bubbling underneath, the people want something that they have not, but know not what it is, nor how to get it. They are to be pitied; so too, are the officials, for they can see both sides—see that 'young China' is too cocky and 'old China' too fossilized, yet can see that they themselves lack the necessary knowledge and power to shape their country's destiny. What China needs is a leader; and history the world over shows that when the time is ripe a leader will be forthcoming. They are their own worst enemies, they do not trust themselves. This was clearly shown during the Shanghai Riots on December the 18th, 1905, when the Taotai, in official palanquin surrounded by mounted guards yet in constant fear that the mob would attack him, visited the shops on the principal streets and begged the keepers to open up to restore confidence. This they did, but only while the Taotai was present. As soon as he passed on, up went the shutters. That well-meaning official, hearing of this, turned and remonstrated, but the shop-keepers replied "Your Honour as long as you are here we are safe, but without your Honour's protection we would be looted." Looted, and by whom? By the foreign devils whom they are endeavouring to chase from their country? No, but by their own kith and kin

and by 1500 of their soldiers who were that day disguised as the "Leer Mong"—the common people—and were inciting the people to deeds of violence. The country is filled with robbers, and the peaceful people are in terror of them, consequently isolated houses are never seen. It is said that even the night watchmen are in league with the robbers, for should a person not think it necessary to tip the watchman he is sure to be robbed. At the

RIOTS.

time of the Shanghai Riots many of the prominent Chinese who had daughters at the McTyeire School, left them there for they considered their daughters safer under foreign protection than in their own homes. One father who came for his daughters at the beginning of the Christmas holidays, which was also the end of the dangerous time of the riots, said he felt that they were safer in the school than in his home, for he had been mobbed on the street, with bricks and mud, because he wore foreign clothes. When asked if he fought, he replied, "oh, no, I thought it best to be "wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove" and besides what was the use of "kicking against the bricks." We never knew whether the joke were intentional, or only an impediment in his speech. I acted upon the same principle when I was caught down-town in the mob that was stoning the German Vice-Consul. It seemed incredible that the people on Nanking Road, who when I had passed through amongst them only some fifteen minutes before appeared to be out for a holiday, or as though awaiting the circus-day-procession, with no unkind look or word for me, were now ready to kill every foreigner on whom they could lay their hands. A foreign gentleman accosted me with "you ought not to be here. (That was no news to me, I knew it only too well) go home." Like much advice this was easier to give than to follow. I said "Then I must get to the other end of Nanking Road." "You cannot," and he said this after ordering me home, and in a tone which a life-time experience of brothers had taught me was useless to resist, so I meekly said in

the humblest tone imaginable as though I were a clinging creature ever dependent on the lords of creation, "what shall I do?" He took me to the Central Hotel and left me with orders to stay there until the soldiers would be called out. Not having him nor any one else to cling to I became my natural self and acted. First, tried to get my friends over the telephone, but could not; then rang up an acquaintance and said, "send your carriage for me, I am stranded at the Central Hotel." The answer came "I can't: the Mafoo has struck." "Send your servants for me" "I can't, they are terrified to go out-of-doors." This frightened me, for the first time; and altho' the hotel was a foreign one I could not see any people but Chinese. Looking out on the Bund, which was swarming with those evil-faced men who seemed to be everywhere, and from whom I shrank even in times of peace, I realized that my only chance of reaching the British Consulate lay in going immediately before the news came that the rioting had become general. Hailing a jinrikisha (I was fortunate in getting a man to pull me for they were inclined to refuse foreigners) I hurried to the British Consulate. A Chinese mob is a bright blue mob, and a cruel, cowardly mob. Not understanding a word of what was being said, gave me a feeling of terrible helplessness and I was thankful indeed when I bowled into the British Consulate compound. Being the first to arrive there with the news of the mobbing, they looked at me in a way that plainly said "You silly creature; how like a woman!" This made me angry, and I thereupon frankly confessed to being frightened, and to coming there for protection. Half-an-hour later they thought in a different key, for then they had marines and gatling-guns in their compound. A gentleman there offered to escort me to my friends, and although he was quite sure I was making a fuss about nothing he took the precaution of getting a very heavy walking-stick. We started. The side street was very quiet. This annoyed me for I feared I must seem a "silly creature; how like a woman!" but

when we turned on to Hankow Road the men were so many that the street looked as though it had a bright blue carpet, the yellow faces were as the pattern. At the sight of them my spirits rose in spite of my fear for I have a horror of being silly. When riding in jinrickishas it is necessary to go single file and as my jinrickisha was first I had to keep turning around to see if my escort were following, for not having any idea who he was how did I know he would remain faithful? We were forced to go slowly through this evil looking mob whose glances were threatening and whose words it was easy to see were not complimentary. My escort called to me and looking around I found that the mob was holding his 'ricksha but not knowing that at that very moment a man, six feet three inches in height and strong in proportion, was being dragged from his 'ricksha and abused only three blocks away, and that violence, in general was being done, they let my escort's 'ricksha go, and he called to me "Don't be frightened," thereupon I cheerfully replied "I am not frightened when you are with me." This sounded very heroic but had any one said another sympathetic word to me I would have burst out crying, so great was the nervous tension. We passed the eastern gate of the school compound and stopped at the western, or residence gate, which was locked. It seemed a long time before it was opened, probably less than a minute, but when one is on the wrong side of the fence a minute is a long, long time. No sooner had I entered the western gate than outside of the eastern gate there was terrific firing, and as we knew not whether it was by the marines, or by the mob, times were exciting. Fortunately for us it was by the marines, and unfortunately for one poor Chinaman who was killed, and lay outside of our compound for the rest of the day. In all, during this riot, sixty Chinese were killed, and the pity of it was that many were only innocent on-lookers. No foreigners were seriously injured. *The foreign women in the suburbs all fled to the "Country club" where military protection was*

afforded. During the excitement there were many tales of deeds of cruelty to foreigners who were unconscious of it, and tales of incendiarism that afterwards could not be verified. The mob lacked a leader, method, and quickness of action, to carry out its schemes.

It is well known by people of other nationalities what inordinate boasters the citizens of the United States are, so there was considerable interchanging of smiles and nudging of elbows when the riot broke out and they did not have a warship anywhere near, although they had as much warning as the other nations who were ready to send men ashore as soon as word reached them. The riot was on a Monday morning and the first United States warship arrived on the following Friday. One enthusiastic citizen of that country remarked upon hearing that their belated warship had at last arrived "Oh! I am so thankful our warship has arrived." That is all right, every one has a right to be thankful to see their own warship in times of danger, but what about the next remark? "I feel so safe now that our soldiers are here." Politeness forbade me making any direct reference to this, but I took the occasion to say that the week seemed very long instead of it being the fifth day since the riot began it seemed more like the fifteenth day. It was comforting to know that they felt the disgrace of being the last to put in an appearance of all the nations that had great interests there.

The United States has many interests in China besides commerce. They have done much for the enlightenment of the country by schools, universities, hospitals with X rays and electrical apparatus, and by the sweet home life of their missionaries. This home life is as a

**MODERN
EDUCATION.**

waterfall purifying the air around and inspiring the beholders to higher thoughts and to better things. It radiates a redeeming influence. Who can estimate the influence of education on the girls? If education is necessary for the development of girls in Occidental countries surely it is just

as necessary for girls in the Orient. "Young China" demands now that his wife shall be educated and able to stand by his side mentally, so as betrothals take place in childhood the girl's parents usually say that they will not pay for their daughters' education because she will not be living in their home—a Chinese wife always lives in her father-in-law's house under the thumb of her mother-in-law—so the prospective husband's family pay for her education. The torpidity of the brain of the women of China since the world began does not seem to have dulled that of the present generation, for in the school where I visited—

SCHOOL-GIRLS. McTyeire School. The pupils have not only a full western course but must also take the

prescribed Chinese course, and a systematic study of the Bible. Their knowledge of sacred history would put that of an ordinary western Christian to shame. They may be strong heathen but still know the history of the Bible, and being forced to study high ideals must raise the standard of their lives. The Chinese school-girl is very like her counter-part in western countries, I mean in manner, not in dress, for a Chinese-girl does not wear a skirt, but only long trousers of a gay color, and a short (that is the fashion at present in Shanghai) and tight coat of another gay color; her hair hangs in one long thick straight black braid down her back; where the hair first enters the braid it is wound round and round with gay colored yarn and this same yarn puts in an appearance at the end of the braid; the hair over the forehead is fringed, and fashion at present decrees that it must be cut to cover the forehead and hang down in front of the ears and must be curled—not what we would call curled however, but merely a hump in it. I was much amused when visiting another mission school where ideals were so high that fashions were scorned, and speaking to one of the older pupils about the fashion of wearing a *fringe* the missionary in charge said "my girls *know nothing of fashions.*" This was said in such

a positive tone that I might have believed it had I not seen a conscious blush spread over the Chinese girl's face and when referring it to her she said "we do, and would like to follow it." Women are women whether they be white or yellow, and girls are girls. The Chinese girls petitioned the Principal, on the United States Thanksgiving Day, for a holiday, saying how thankful they would be for it; they did not get it—showing that Principals are much the same the world over too. But instead, I addressed them, in English of course, which the older girls all understood when simply spoken, on the Opening of the Canadian Parliament, and the "Drawing-room." They were deeply interested for as the most of them belonged to official families it might be within the range of possibility that some one of them, or more mayhap, might attend those functions; and I have no doubt that should any of them find themselves about to bow to the Governor-General and Her Excellency they would go through that trying ordeal with the utmost composure.

On my first Sunday in China I went to a Chinese Sunday-school from curiosity, but went again for the pleasure of watching the expressions on the faces of the teacher and taught,

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. particularly in one class where a dainty Chinese young lady was teaching street urchins. The teaching was all in Chinese and as at that time I had been less than twenty-four hours in the country I was very proud of being able to figure out, from the resemblance of the words to the Japanese (although the spoken languages are very different) that she was teaching the words of "Jesus loves me," but when the lesson was entered upon it was beyond my ken. Fortunately however the Principal entered and afterwards interpreted it to me, for the gestures, and expressions had awakened my curiosity. The teacher was telling of a little girl who was on the street when it was bitterly cold, and one of the girl pupils said "Yes, I know what that is like, my feet have been blue with the cold," and a boy pointed

to me and said "look at her clothes, she won't feel the cold." Having impressed them with the misery of the world the teacher dilated on Heaven. The attention of her ragged class was rivetted on her, and a little boy, who was hanging on every word she said, breathlessly asked "Will there be foreign candy there?" The little teacher gravely assured him that there would be. It is not for us to sneer and say there will not be foreign candy there. Foreign candy represented all that was lovely, all that was desirable, to that forlorn little piece of humanity; it was his highest ideal of bliss, and to have shattered his standard might have been fatal to all further progress; besides, who knows but that the ideal we hold may be as far from the reality as his is from ours.

The Sunday-school was arranged on our plan—there being no Chinese one to interfere,—and it was delightful to hear these happy faced little ones sing the familiar tunes in exactly the way our little ones do, only using Chinese words. Every one knew the first verse and chorus and all sang heartily; most knew the second verse; few knew the third verses; only those who could read knew the other verses, but all knew the chorus and revelled in it, singing it as only children can.

In this school no screeching was allowed so it was sweet to hear the children's voices raised in praise. Being with Chinese, as I was, during their hours of public worship, in church, in Sunday school, and at morning devotions of the school, it brought out clearly to me the fact of God's universality. In theory we believe that our God is every one's God, but our practice often gives the impression that He is our God only. There everything externally was different—the people themselves, their language, their clothes, and their customs—but their needs were as ours, and they were worshipping in verity and receiving that which helps because asked for in sincerity. I was impressed as never before that God is indeed the God of the Chinese.

Taking it on the whole I do not like the Chinese, and loathe the country, but could not help feeling

sorry for the tremendous hold superstition has on them. The evil spirit is a terrible creature. A creature constantly needing to be out-witted: fortunately he is easily deceived. It always puzzled me that the evil spirit's

EVIL SPIRITS. influence could be deemed so powerful when he is so easily deceived. Spirit-walls are built in front of doors. The evil-one can see, or at least knows, that the door is there but can have no knowledge of the wall that protects it for as he can only go in straight lines he attempts to enter the door and goes bang up against the wall and shoots off down the street; again, if he tries to slide down the ridge of the roof he is shot into the air by the end of the ridge being curved upward. It would seem as though he were a shuttlecock, which must constantly be kept moving, or disaster will come. A boy will wear an ear-ring so that the evil spirit will think he is a girl and not worth venting his evil influence upon. At a certain time, New Years I think, the evil spirit can get beyond the spirit-wall to the very door of the house but there hangs a mirror in which he sees his ugly self, and thinking it is another evil spirit, and that he will be caught trespassing, he hurries away. Fire-crackers and noise will also frighten him, and as noise is cheap it is plentifully used. Judging from the population of the country the temples are not much frequented by worshippers,—notice I say worshippers, for they are much frequented by beggars, and buyers and sellers, and barbers. I could

TEMPLES. see now what Jesus did when he "went into the temple and cast out all these that sold and bought in the temples, and overthrew the tables of the money changers, and the seats of them that sold doves; and said into them 'It is written, my house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.'" The temples are so dirty, so untidy, so full of rubbish. The gods are often times out of repair. A god out-at-elbows, so to speak, or looking seedy, cannot inspire high

thoughts, but he is all the people have to turn to and the fact that they turn to him even in his painfully made-by-men condition, shows their hearts are longing for something beyond this world and greater than themselves.

During my entire visit to China I never wished to compare the Chinese to the Japanese; to me they seemed so totally different. Indeed the Chinese in many ways could be compared to us more correctly than to the Japanese. The manner of the Chinese has more of our brusqueness, than it has the graciousness of the Japanese. Their houses, too, are so totally different from those of their Island neighbors that comparisons can not be made, although differences can be stated, and so with the temples. When it is said that they are both heathen, and both have many gods in common, then the resemblance ends. In a Japanese temple there is a sacred stillness that in itself is beneficial, and every place is clean. If cleanliness be next to godliness, then the Chinese temples are far, far from godliness. The noises of buyers and sellers arguing the price, the noise of hawkers, the din of the general uproar is inappropriate, to say the least.

The "Temple of the Eight Hundred Gods" seemed not so much a temple as a repository for gods. All the temples I saw needed repairing but were neglected except this one, whose needs were receiving attention. Most of the gods in this temple had kindly benevolent countenances, making it a much pleasanter place to visit. The god of fire had a bright red face and three eyes—the third being in his forehead and at right angles to the other two. Most of the peculiar things about the gods have a reason, so when I noticed one with a black hand I inquired. Very often these inquiries reveal interesting history, but this time the answer was that he was being repaired and when finished the hand would be a more natural color for that divinity. The entrance to this temple was a perfect circle built of stone beautifully carved. In China the *outside walls of temples* are usually painted pink, or yellow, so wherever those colored walls are seen

a temple is indicated, although there may be temples with walls unpainted.

In all their Guild Houses they have a temple, but these cannot be classed as public temples. The only Guild House I was in was the Shansi Bankers' Guild House in Shanghai, which is said to be the finest specimen of Chinese architecture in that city. It is certainly very beautiful. The courtyards,

GUILD HOUSES. made of stone, and with octagonal gates, make excellent photographs. When one sees these typical Chinese doorways for the first time, one exclaims "How Oriental!" and they continue to strike one as genuinely picturesque. Entering the reception hall with its tables, chairs, scrolls, and opium couches, one finds everything clean. Now, a clean place is so rare that it is worthy of comment. As this is a bankers' guild, the god of wealth occupies a prominent place along with his ministers, "Invite Riches" and "Gain Market." The shrine is red lacquered touched here and there with gold, and all the accessories for temple worship are of the finest and kept in perfect condition.

There is another temple for the god of war, who may be called upon very soon to exert himself on behalf of his devotees, and between these is the theatre in an open court that is surrounded by galleries. The "leer-mong" (common people) from the Shansi province may stand in the courtyard and see what they can of the play that is being acted on a stage about twelve feet high, while the élite fill the galleries.

Last of all, the front entrance is reached. This is because, except at the anniversary of the birth and death of the god of war, the front doors are never opened and every one must go around to the back. The stateliness of the entrance was somewhat marred by the stone floor being thickly strewn with peanuts. My friend, an elderly lady, and I had two guides when we entered, but guides seemed to come from every turn, and ere long we had a following of about twenty, not one of them able to speak English, but each expecting a "Kom-

shaw," or tip, for his services. When we were a room or two from the exit our first guide said "Komshaw," so I laid on a table what money I thought was plenty for the service he had given, and ignored the others, thereupon they attempted to block our way and every man demanded money. I straightened myself to my greatest height, 5 ft. 3 inches, looked them square in the eyes, lifted my head, waved them aside, and when in utter amazement they stepped back I said to the trembling old lady "Go on." When once we reached the street she gasped "how could you? I would have paid them all they wanted."

While in China I always attended Chinese Church—Christian I mean, for although I could not understand I could learn lessons by sight which

**CHINESE
CHURCH.**

could not be learnt elsewhere. The earnestness with which those Chinese who knew the gospel of Christ taught it to those of their countrymen who knew it not, was an inspiration to all missionary efforts. I wish those who think missions not worth while could have seen the faces of the teacher and the taught, the seeker and the doubter, and of the scornful who in spite of his evident scorn waited to hear more. One Sunday afternoon I went with two Chinese ladies to a meeting for mill-workers held by a foreign missionary. The managers of the mill gave a room free of rent for this purpose, because of the influence on the people. The room was filled long before the time for the meeting and although the personnel changed some, owing to obstreperous babies, and irate people coming to the door and calling their relations away from the foreign devils, the room remained full to the end, and many followed for some blocks as we were leaving. The mill-workers live in villages, and these villages reminded me of the slums of New York, in the dirty "Yeddish" quarter, for they were as densely populated and as dirty, but not more so. One little girl, not yet in her teens, enjoyed these meetings so much, judging from her face and from the heartiness of her singing, that I remarked on it

to the missionary who replied "I am so glad she does, for she has to work hard to support an opium-eating father." I thought then if our children living in happy homes enjoy Sunday school, as we know they do, how much more will these child-workers enjoy the only bright hour in their lives.

I had one more glimpse of the evangelical work of missions when I went with a missionary, who weighed over 200 pounds, to a village some miles distant from Shanghai. Why did I mention her weight? Because we had to ride on a wheelbarrow.

A Chinese wheelbarrow has **WHEELBARROWS.** a large wheel in the centre that invariably squeaks, and on each side of the wheel is a shelf for passengers or freight. My more-than-200-pound friend sat on one side while I, of less than 100 pounds, sat on the other, and for the wheelman to balance us it was necessary to tilt the barrow to an angle of 45, with me on the down side continually slipping off. Each time we were bumped up on to a single long stone slab that answered for a bridge, I was fearful would be the last. When we reached the nearest village we were able to engage another barrow and I got on with a Chinese woman of about the same weight on the other side, then and then only wheelbarrow riding was nearly enjoyable. Whether to put the blame on the wheelbarrow, or the road, or both, I knew not, but conditions were such that my spectacles jiggled up and down on my nose keeping the landscape in perpetual motion; and my teeth chattered, as though stricken with fear, when I was not talking to the Chinese woman who could not speak English; and although I could not speak Chinese, that was no hindrance to quite an animated conversation. She would point to something, for example some crows, and tell me the Chinese name which I would repeat and give her the English word; then as at that moment the crows flew away I made a gesture indicating that action and said "The crows are flying" the she gave me the Chinese way of express

fact. Then, as I remarked before, my little knowledge of the Japanese language helped me to understand Chinese. Before coming to the East, whenever I heard the Chinese speaking it seemed a confusion of sound out of which a single word could not be picked, but, owing to the training my ear has received in Japan, when in China I could easily distinguish sounds although they rarely conveyed any meaning. Once in a Chinese Church when a hymn was announced I said to my friend "is that not 276?" She was amazed for I had only been two weeks in the country. Several times I caught the drift of conversations; but hope it will never be necessary for me to learn that language as I do not want to mingle much with the Chinese, and certainly have no desire to live in their land.

On this wheelbarrow trip we did not leave Shanghai on these primitive conveyances, oh no! only the "Leer mong," the very lowest classes,

use them there; we left in 'rickshas and drove out to the Arsenal where **IN THE COUNTRY.** we were ferried across the Whang-poo. In this immense river, to protect the Arsenal, and for other purposes no doubt, were five Chinese warships of modern build, and the few sailors we saw were fine looking men. I think most of the Chinamen would be fine-looking if they could be cleaned, properly clothed, and the expression of the face changed; in other words nature meant them to be a fine race, but conditions have made them otherwise. When once we crossed the Whang-poo we were in real China, untouched by Shanghai fashions. This was my first trip into the country and everything was interesting, and the Chinese woman, in spite of neither understanding the others language, gave me much information. We passed many kinds of graves, and no graves where there should have been, because there stood the coffin, sometimes wrapped in straw and sometimes not; if the coffin were raised a few inches from the ground then it *meant that the inmate had died of small-pox, and to*

tell me this the Chinese woman, after drawing my attention to the fact that many coffins were raised, touched her face as though it were pitted. We passed temples that were exceedingly dirty and uninteresting; an outsider, such as I, would never suspect them of being temples were they not painted that peculiar reddish pink; passed widow's monuments upon some of which the Chinese lavish their greatest skill, these are built, as the name indicates, to commemorate some noted woman. I had always read of the down-trodden woman of the East, but life among them revealed that they have great power in their world and are destined to still greater, for they have the necessary brain.

We always had to walk through the villages because of the unevenness of the paved streets. Everywhere Bible pictures, in way of dress and custom, could be seen—indeed the man who so skilfully balanced our wheelbarrow was as though he had stepped from a Bible picture.

The origin of much that we call modern inventions could be seen in unexpected places. "Oh! the pity, that China should have gone so far so long ago and rested there!" Whose sentence that is I know not, but it constantly comes to mind as expressing so tersely the condition of China.

The missionary was not expected, but the news quickly spread of her arrival. They had warned me to expect a minute examination of my clothes—I got it. There was a clean little chapel in this village, with a bed room off for the native preacher when he comes in his regular tour; into his room we were ushered. It had a wooden floor, a table, two chairs, and a bed, so must be considered a nice room, that is, nice only by comparison, so I will not make any comment on the room; besides it was soon so full of people that hardly any thing else could be seen in the subdued light that came through the oyster shell window—subdued both by the oyster-shell and the grime of ages. While they were preparing our tiffin (luncheon) I taught a few English sentences to some of the more intelligent

looking, and in return was taught a few, and did all I could to make a favourable impression. I succeeded for they expressed their sorrow that I could not address them. I rejoiced, for had I spoken then the impression so laboriously made would have been reversed. It was pleasing to notice that in many little ways they tried to show honour to their missionary's friend. One way was that when the bowls of queer looking food were brought in there was a fork and spoon for me. I debated which would be more polite, to use the fork and spoon, or use their "tools," the "qwa," chopsticks. I decided on the chopsticks and they seemed pleased that I could manipulate them. From where does our word "chopsticks" come? The Chinese say "qwa," and the Japanese "hashi." We had brought tiffin with us but ate what they produced and left ours for them. The little chapel was crowded during the service; and although many came and went, still a gratifying number remained during the whole service, and seemed interested, and as though endeavoring to understand the meaning of this "Jesus' Religion" which is the name Christianity is known by. I saw little of the inside of mission work, for only those actually engaged in it know that side, but even the little I could see proved in every way *that missions are worth while.*

**CHINESE CHRIS-
TIAN WEDDING.**

I had the privilege of being the only foreign guest at a Christian Chinese wedding with the old-time Chinese customs. A carriage was sent for us—us, being a Chinese lady who had been educated in the United States and who is taking an active part in her country's advancement, and who is a cousin of the bride, and myself. We were driven through the broad streets of Shanghai into narrow ones, and then into narrower, where we alighted at the entrance to the bridegroom's house. Here in the court-yard we were received with a terrible clattering of so-called music—each guest on entering *and on leaving* was given this honour. I do not

remember but no doubt we sipped tea from covered cups before we were taken upstairs to see the presents which, note, were displayed in the bridegroom's house. The brides' people are progressive, which accounts for the presents being nearly all foreign, they were wound around and around and criss-cross with red yarn, reminding one of a spider-web party but which displayed a world of meaning to the Chinese. Everything possible connected with a wedding must be red. The presents evidently were greatly admired by the bride-groom who beamed as he showed them to us. Again I do not remember but am sure we must have sipped tea before we were allowed to leave, amid ear-splitting sounds of honour, for the bride's house which was only a few doors away. I said how convenient it was that the houses were so close together, and was surprised to hear that the groom lived in the country, but the bride refused to go there to be married—no, indeed, his people were country bred and had not any style, whereas she knew all the latest fashions and meant to make her wedding up-to-date (there is really little difference between a Chinese girl and her sister in western lands) so she compelled the bride-groom to rent this house near her home and furnish it especially for the occasion: yet we read of the down-trodden women of the East. When we arrived at the bride's home her guests were feasting. She was sitting motionless at the head table dressed in a red gown richly embroidered, rented for the occasion, as was also the hat, a marvelous head-gear somewhat resembling an umbrella made of red satin but heavily trimmed with imitation jade and pearls representing butterflies, while from all around the edge hung strings of pearls so thickly that they could only be seen through when one string accidentally hung aslant. Inside of these strings was a red veil which completely obscured the bride's face but allowed her to dimly see through, although she was supposed to be quite blind to what was going on, showing another resemblance to her western sister. We arrived as the feast was

finished and the bride rose to retire to her room and prepare for her last ride as a maiden by changing her marvelous headgear for one of equal strangeness but suitable to wear to the church. A terrific clattering of gongs and shouting of men in the street heralded the coming of the bride's chair. The main reception room of the house opened into a courtyard into which came the chair-bearers with their burden, and crowds from the streets. The chair-bearers might have been imposing had their clothing and conically shaped hats been whole and clean, but dirty and ragged as they were, they detracted, and made them laughable. Public servants of the lower orders give as much trouble in China as elsewhere. Although these men brought the chair they demanded high pay ere they would carry the bride to the church, and as that was very necessary, they got what they demanded. There was a great flutter of excitement when the chair arrived, but it had time to subside before the bride put in an appearance. She was coy. Some man in authority had to call, in beseeching terms, three times, then she felt that the demands of etiquette had been satisfied so appeared in her changed head-gear which resembled somewhat a bishop's hat only very large. In a Chinese house her bright red dress, and veil, and her peculiar hat seemed what one expected, but in an Anglican Church they were out-of-place. As in western lands, the church was decorated with flowers, and people were gathered there for this was a very up-to-date wedding, and when the awful din announced the approach of the bride the organ pealed forth (the organist being a Chinese girl) and the bride entered the church—not on the arm of her father—no, but guided by two women, professional managers for weddings, who were gowned in black to be as inconspicuous as possible, and one of whom walked backwards in front of the bride holding her hands, and the other held her waist from behind. Slowly the procession moved up the aisle. The bridegroom awaited his bride at *the chancel steps*. Archdeacon Thompson perform-

ed the ceremony in English at the request of the bridal pair—all for style. It was a strange sight. A pretty orthodox Anglican Church, an audience mostly heathen, a literally venerable archdeacon in robes, a Christian bride in Oriental dress, the service in a tongue foreign to the contracting party, the solemn service preceded and followed by heathenish noises emblematic of what is desirable for marital bliss.

The ceremony over, the bride entered her chair and was carried through the streets. My Chinese friend and I entered our brougham and arrived before the bride at the groom's house. It seems that as long as the bride remains in her chair she is considered to belong to her parents; but when once she steps out then is the fatal step taken. She is then her husband's; so, naturally she needed urging to come out of her chair, which gorgeous thing was carried into the reception-hall of her husband's temporary home. Many people urged her in words no doubt coaxing, but she came not out until a young lady relative of her husband's brought her food and wine, and requested her to come into the home prepared for her. The strangest part was that never once did the husband add his entreaties to those given; indeed he appeared to be a disinterested party during most of the occasion. When the bride came out she walked, assisted ostentatiously by her managers, and side by side with her husband, in front of two chairs over which were thrown red satin coverings, and the bridegroom's older relations in turn either sat upon one of these chairs, or stood before one, as they received the respects of the bridal couple. The method of showing respect was the same as used in ancestral worship—namely prostrations on the part of the groom, but the bride's headgear prevented her from making any marked sign of respect. The bride then went upstairs to change her hat for the one suitable for the feast which would soon take place. I was allowed upstairs and watched with keen interest the ceremony—it was a ceremony—of hat changing, and I was glad that I

managers hurt her when tl
fastening on the hats, the
any sign of discomfort.
because a pin was sticking
one hair was pulling tight
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The men and women
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more like ours, than the Japanese. They use many kinds of meat and fowl. At this first meal I ate very little and was afraid that I might give offence, but my friend said, that I would be considered very polite, this was for that time, but afterwards I never showed any such sign of good-breeding for I ate heartily, and the taste of some of the good things is still with me. The first thing served was hot wine—horrible stuff—in tiny cups holding merely a thimbleful; when this was replenished, or added to, I noticed that the lady, whose cup was in question, slipped her fingers under it (there was no saucer) keeping her thumb tight to the palm of her hand, and as she lifted it she slowly rose and received the replenishment standing, and then went through the performance backwards to regain her seat. I did the same. A smile passed over the whole company. My Chinese friend said "you have pleased every body." I am sure the flattery was sincere. It was a simple thing to do to give so much pleasure; but I find out here in the East that little courteous actions, that are native, when done by a foreigner give a peculiarly gratifying pleasure. We left when the feast was finished and were escorted to the street door by the bridegroom. The celebration was not nearly over, there was yet to come the "teasing of the bride." It is just what the words mean, and should the bride show any sign of impatience, or annoyance, then the groom receives nothing but pity for having married so unrequiting a woman. I wished to have seen the teasing process, but could not wait for it.

Interesting as things are in Shang-soochow. hai, real China is not to be seen there. Knowing this I was delighted to receive an invitation to visit Soochow. Soon there will be a railroad running into Soochow: I was glad to get in ahead of the railway, for it brings so many foreign things in its wake. At present, 1905, Soochow is reached by creeks and the Grand Canal. When we went to a creek in Shanghai that was full of navigating crafts, and

dirt of all kinds, and with the tide low and the junks listing in the mud, from which foul odors were poisoning the air, I wished I could turn back without showing the white

TRAVELLING feather, but that was not possible.

BY BARGE. A narrow springing plank led from the bank to—what you would shrink from and say: "Am I to go into that?" The craft in question being one of a tow of barges for the transportation of passengers into the interior. Passengers were crossing the reeking mud by means of this springing plank and were preceded and followed by strange looking bundles; baggage is very much bundled here. We had each a pookay (bedding wrapt in matting, a huge unwieldy bundle); then there were the tiffin basket, which must necessarily be an ample one, for no one is sure when starting out on a journey that the end will be reached at the expected time; a lamp, this is a luxury, for the company supplies a supposed-to-be foreign—because no land would own it—lantern which when hung from the ceiling cast a weird light on everything; a chair; this also is a luxury, for the bed-shelf can always be used for a chair, if one does not require to lean back, nor mind one's feet dangling in the air as in childhood days; then to this add toilet articles, and personal baggage, and parcels and boxes taken to oblige friends, and then one realises what a burden are those infinite necessities induced by the civilization that we are forcing upon these eastern peoples. After safely crossing on this narrow plank we walked along a foot wide shelf that ran around the barge until we came to the hole we were to crawl through to enter our state-room—I use that word not knowing the Chinese one which must surely be more appropriate, for there was no state and little room. The light in this room is dim compared to the brilliant sun-shine without, the door way and small windows are darkened by the pookays and other bundles waiting to be passed in. *In they come, you step back, then back further, put yourself into the smallest possible space. When the*

dimness of light from the doorway and the two windows, tell the tale that everything is inside, the servants, (it is impossible to travel in China with any degree of comfort without at least one servant, in fact a servant is a necessity)—begin the stowing away process and gradually you allow yourself to expand and when everything is settled you are amazed to find ample room and every prospect of comfort. The room is clean, that is clean for China, for there is nothing in it but what you brought save the four walls painted white, and on each side a shelf of woven hemp for a bed. Having heard that the coolies, particularly those around the water-ways, were a very low class I expected to have my ears polluted by sounds which, altho' not cognisant of, would be easily discernable as swearing, and also expected to see fighting and hear quarrelling according to report; but not so. Out of that jam of boats we moved slowly and peacefully and amid happy sounds—it may be that the Chinese are, as the Japanese, without "cuss words." My servant could not speak English, nor I Chinese, but being my friends trusted "Amah" she felt the responsibility of having me in her charge. According to Chinese custom, I was "put on her body." She would politely ask me some question, in Chinese, that required sentences to express. I would listen, of course not understanding a word, and when she finished would gravely answer in English. This over she would proceed to do what she had questioned me about while each would keep an eye on the other to see that the action met with approval. Language is often-times unnecessary. It is surprising how one can manage without the language of words if there be language of sign, or motion, and a mutual sympathy. One night is the length of time it usually takes to go from Shanghai to Soochow. And in the morning as the servant is tending your many necessities you crawl up through the hole to see the country and get some fresh morning air, and, are horrified to find that all night long the roof over your head has been packed

closely with Chinese passengers. These passengers lie on the roof, in astonishing numbers, each wrapped in a blanket. Queer shaped, bright blue rolls would suddenly seem to contain life; there would be a wiggling motion and then a gradual unfolding until a sleepy face would appear and then an arm would be reached out for the ever present tea-pot. To one unaccustomed to the Chinese cast of countenance they seemed to have no more individuality than as many sheep; and to see such herding of people was not a good preliminary to breakfast. Of course they were dirty. Of dirt a Chinese crowd usually has about as much as it can carry.

Soon after turning into the Grand Canal, Soochow could be seen in the distance; it looked like many notes of exclamation, the long strokes being the pagodas, and the periods the small native houses. One by one as the pagodas came into view they were named to me, the Big Pagoda, the Old Pagoda, The Twin Pagodas, The Pen and Ink Pagodas, and so on. The word, pagoda, means "House of Idols," "the Holy House." The Pen and Ink Pagodas have a more than usually interesting

**"PEN AND INK
PAGODAS"**

history. The Pen Pagoda was built first for some god because of the gratitude of the people to this god, but it would have been better had they not so expressed themselves, for the god, like many deities of the human sort, getting a little, wanted more, in other words, waxed indignant that he had only been given a pen, of what use was a pen without ink? So he sent an epidemic. At first, people knew not why sickness and death were laying such a heavy hand on them, but consultation with and fees to those geomancers who mediate between the gods and man revealed the why and wherefore of the gods' anger, so a subscription was taken up for an Ink Pagoda, and contributed to by some of the wealthiest and most influential men in Soochow. As neither of these pagodas is beautiful it is well that their history makes them interesting.

Soochow is a great city and like others of its

kind, its commerce is met with long ere the city is reached. Curious unwieldy junks with high square walled up sterns and nothing to speak of for a bow

except an eye, some of which are

CANAL LIFE realistically painted, others are known to be eyes because that

is the place for the eye. These boats with the eye are from Ning-po, for the man of that province says "no have eye, no can see; no can see, no can walk, no can walk, no can go." That settles the matter. Occasionally there would be a mandarin's boat elaborately carved and fitted up with marble and rosewood. No foreign built boats were to be seen. The canals throughout the country are guarded by gun-boats. What funny things they are! Very small boats each with a very small gun on the stern so that they could only shoot when retreating—the guns had the appearance of not being able to do much damage if indeed they could be put through the formality of firing. We passed a large military encampment where great activity was apparent. We had to pass the customs which consisted in signing our names in a book. The customs in China are a great nuisance. Naturally one expects customs on landing in a country but does not expect to meet them on every little trip, in season and out of season. My friend sent two pounds of candy from Shanghai to Hankow, and had to pay twenty cents duty, fortunately the sender can pay the duty. At the Customs, boats called "Sam-pans" crowded around our tow of barges, the owners thereof shouting for passengers, judging from the sounds there must be a stereotype phrase but all that I could understand was "lay," "come." We came, so thankful to leave the barge with its vermin-covered, ill-smelling occupants, and get on to a boat which was of such a peculiar build that it was necessary to back into it, so small was the opening, and it was equally necessary to bang one's head and lose one's temper, but where we were the only passengers, which was its great attraction. The crew was a man, his wife, a baby, and a small boy tethered to avoid the trouble of

having to pull him out of the water when he would fall in were he free to wander. Often times Chinese will not rescue a drowning person because if they do that person is "on the body of his rescuer," and that is a serious matter, for it means that the rescuer is responsible for the rescued as long as he lives. A stupid idea, sure enough. Having heard that the women of China were down trodden, and finding it not true in regard to all of the better class, I thought surely it applied to the lower classes; but here, on this little boat the woman was the chief mariner and her word was law. These women mariners are remarkable beings. A compound of the man at the wheel and the woman at the hearth. When not rowing, or directing affairs outside, they are within, cooking, washing, or dressing the baby. Their clothing is scant, their feet bare, and their sleek black hair is always ornamented as best they can afford; sometimes it may be only by a piece of red yarn, or a metal head-scratcher. (It amused me to see even ladies wearing these head-scratchers stuck in their hair so as to be handy.) The whole family live in the boat. The hooded funnel in the centre, is by day a place for passengers, and by night a house for the nautical family. We chose our sampan because the family was few, for our belongings were many; but the sampans where the family was larger presented strange sights. Here, would be a woman standing at the tiller with a baby strapped to her back; there, a woman rowing with graceful movement as she rocked to and fro, making her sampan dart in and out with wonderful accuracy through the miscellany of craft, and everywhere children leaning out of the windows and over the edge in perilous positions. The family cat prowling from bow to stern; hens trying to pick up a living; clothes hanging out to dry, as though the deck were a back yard; things dangling from the stern of the boat because there is no room on board; and every person and thing dirty. In the day-time life abounded on the canals; there was motion *everywhere*. At night all was still; human beings

of the boating population, were huddled under the hoods of the boats, and were resting in their houses after the day's work, and the dying glimmer of a fire in a brasier on the poop showed where the simple evening meal had been cooked.

It was early morning when we lowered ourselves into the small hooded part of the sampan and had our baggage piled high fore and aft until it was impossible to see out except through the queer little opening in the side of the hood called by courtesy, a window. The motion of these sampans is a powerful provocative of sea-sickness. We passed through the water gate of the old wall, built 2,200 years ago, and into the ancient, aristocratic, and beautiful (from a Chinese point of view) city of Soochow.

The canals are in a splendid state of preservation, but much too narrow and crooked for the speed that modern times demands. In the interior of China it is advisable not to expect evidences of progress but to drift with the tide of human affairs, for by so doing one reaches one's destination in a pleasanter frame of mind and just as quickly. Blockades will happen, frequently causing the remainder of the journey to be continued by land. The city is intersected by these canals and instead of stepping into a carriage one steps into a boat; or, if the way be not near a canal the carriage is replaced by a sedan chair. In the city the streets are too narrow for even a jinrickisha. One objection that the foreigners living in Soochow have to the canal routes is, the frequency of disgusting smells; but to me whether to go by land or water was merely Hobson's choice. It is impossible to escape the vile smells, for street and canal alike are used for sewers, except what is carried in open buckets suspended from bamboo poles on coolie's shoulders and spilling plentifully as they go to be emptied into scows that rest in the canal until full, and then the contents are taken into the country, uncomposted, to fertilize vegetable and grain fields. The soil from the bottom of the canal is dredged and found to be also strongly fertilizing.

fertilizers, in their raw condition, are well known to be a grave menace to health, and Oriental civilization must be subject to a heavy discount until this use of uncomposted manure is prohibited. Foreigners, living in both China and Japan, know this, yet they will eat uncooked vegetables and then blame the climate when they become sick.

The canal water in Soochow is disgusting enough to ride upon, even when tucked into a clean private boat and with a muff to bury one's nose in when the stench is too over-powering, but the natives seem to revel in it, not that they wash or bathe over much, for I cannot recollect seeing even a small boy in swimming, but they use it for general domestic purposes. In this water, black and slimy from stagnation and sewerage, are washed clothes and food, side by side. Such is the Chinese idea of cleanliness, that I saw women washing fresh meat and cleaning fish in this indescribably dirty water. Water that 2,200 years ago, when the canal was built, might have been clean. The tradition that the creator of China, Pwanku, had his blood turned into rivers, and his dropping sweat into rain would indicate that the Chinese had no remembrance of their rivers, ever being sweet and pure, so I say 'might have been.'

But I must not dwell too long on the canals of Soochow, the beautiful city about which the Chinese proverb says "Heaven above and Hanchow and Soochow below," for the streets

STREETS must be described in detail as they fade last from the traveller's mind.

They are the sewers, sinks, and sculleries, public and private, of most of the population, and also the play-ground for the children of the lower classes. Big dogs, the color of dirty-white with pink hairless patches, wrangle and growl over the offal that is strewn along the streets; domestic fowls and crows make a fat living as scavengers. The streets that are not paved are quagmires owing to the perpetual carelessness of the water-carriers as they go to and fro from the public wells in the middle

of the streets to their customer's homes. Fortunately most of the streets are paved either with cobble-stones, or long slabs of granite. When walking on these slabs, worn slippery by the countless millions of feet that have passed over them in the 2,200 years of the city, one longs to return to the cobble stones; but when these are reached and found to be slippery too because of the constant spilling of foul liquids, that are carried in a bobbing fashion from bamboo poles, and the splashing of water from thousands of buckets, and the entire absence of sun-shine to dry the slimy, fetid sludge, one thinks with regret of the comparative betterness of the slab paved streets. Sunshine does not penetrate into the streets because they are so narrow, and flanked on either side by high buildings from which hang, close together, enormous wooden signs; and, to show that the Chinese have no idea of the value of sun-shine, the streets are often roofed over with matting; picturesque but unsanitary. Many industries are carried on in the streets; and gambling, everywhere. A small boy cannot buy the twentieth part of a cent's worth—a cash—of candy, without throwing dice for it, or turning a wheel of fortune: one cash hazarded and lost, another must go, and so on; the old story.

The principal shopping street is paved with cobble stones; there was an agitation to have it replaced by the slabs, but when the spirits, through the medium of wily geomancers, were consulted (bear in mind the spirits must be consulted on every occasion) it was found that the change would be disastrous, for, were the slabs laid the dragon, that lives stretched under the street with his head in, or under, the Confucian Temple at one end, and his tail in, or under, a Pagoda at the other end, would be unable to turn over, and in his anger at this situation he would send calamity of some sort on the people; hence, the street remained cobble. This street was originally six feet wide, but each shopkeeper takes as much off for the display of his wares as the law allows, or rather does not dis-

allow. The government is lenient to these trespassers so long as a mandarin's chair and suite can pass unhindered. Mandarins think they make an imposing array as they pass through the streets, and may be they do in the eyes of their compatriots; but aliens laugh. The attendants' horses, always white and always dirty and ungroomed, and mounted by men who ride as though they were afraid, are ludicrous and made more so if by chance the self-satisfied face of the official is seen.

The day I was on this street was bargain-day and as usual it was the opposite to a Western

BARGAIN-DAY bargain-day for the shopkeepers were turning over their

goods in the front part of their windowless and doorless stores, and in high falsetto, that is thought to be very winning, were proclaiming the great value for little money that their bargains represented; no crowd surrounded them; no crowd blocked the way, possibly because a queer looking little foreigner on the street was a greater sight. Certainly, I had a following that completely blocked the way every time I stopped to look at the wares displayed. They would crowd in on me and as I loathed these common people, (the "Lear Mong") not however because they were common but because they were so dirty, so evil looking, so repulsive, I would turn first to one side, then to the other, and wave them back, saying quietly in English, which of course none understood, "stand back, stand back there," and they would stand back. On my return to where I was visiting I told this to my friends and they said they never would have dared to do such a thing. Why? I know not. Once before I had been hurried through this street by a friend who did not see the things of interest that tempted me to dally, but on this second and last trip when I was accompanied

by two servants, neither of whom could speak English, I indulged in the skill of buying

things in the Orient, particularly in Soochow. Skill is not ordinarily the word to use, but things

are not ordinary in China, therefore words must be used accordingly. Great skill is displayed in the duel of intellects of the buyer and seller over the adjustment of a proper price for the article in question.

In one shop I saw what I had been for months looking for in the East, namely, an incense-burner in bronze, which in its manufacture, when it is red hot, has gold "thrown in" upon its surface. That I could not speak the language of the people around me and that they could not speak mine did not prevent me from bargaining for this incense-burner. Negotiations opened by my pointing to the burner and then to the counter near me, but many gestures were required ere the right burner was transferred from shelf to counter. It was in use, so was partly filled with ashes and in it was a small remnant of incense. Wishing to know the price I laid a Mexican dollar, which money is used in some parts of China, beside it. When the man uttered some queer sounds I knew, from knowledge of the Japanese language, that he meant six dollars, but to make sure raised six fingers and then after receiving an affirmative nod I jingled my dollar, indicating that that was my offer; thereupon, he, in disgust at my meanness or little appreciation of its true value, replaced the burner on its high shelf as though to end the business, but I was there to buy that very thing, and by gestures had it brought back. A conversation, consisting of language that only one understood and gestures that both understood, flowed freely. In course of time he came down a dollar and I went up one, but still the coveted bronze was not mine. When about in despair of getting it at any but his price, but deriving great pleasure from the strangeness of the situation, I spied a slight flaw and by gravely shaking my head and by a plentiful sprinkling of "Tut-tut-tuts" in the proper tone I noticed the first sign of relenting on his part, for he tried to rub off the flaw; and then another sign that I was near the price was that he consulted his companion, I was quick to grasp this and found more and more blemishes. I could not tell him

would, that these flaws made it more valuable to me, as then I felt it was more likely to be genuine, for China is not much behind in the matter of fraudulent imitation. His reluctance, I am afraid, intoxicated me, and I lost my head enough to offer fifty cents more; thereupon he clapped his hand, showing that the deal was closed. My friends, who could read Chinese, read the trademark, and on it were the words for "Ming Dynasty" date from A. D. 1366—1644, so I, who never pride myself on buying wonderful things for a song, or owning things of antiquity, got a much coveted piece of the Ming Dynasty make, and got it for the heretofore mythical song. Another time in Shanghai, seeing a pedlar on the roadside with some queer looking things that I speculated might be coins although some were suggestive of a bunch of keys, some like miniature dagger hilts, and some like paper-knives, I invested, and found afterwards that the coins representing human forms crudely were the most ancient of all Chinese coins: the paper-knife-like ones were 1000 years old and had the Emperor's name writ in ancient characters on the blades, others were more modern, being only 800 and 600 years old; a few were not coins but charms resembling money, and as real worn charms they were of as much interest as the coins. I picked up a few more interesting coins in Soochow, but think with regret upon some, no doubt still lying in the shops there, that I did not buy. I fully expected to be many times on that street, but never returned as it would be as much as my life was worth to do so. Ah! you think that an exaggeration. It is not. One week from the day

I, surrounded by the dirty "Lear,
FLEEING mong" whom I had to wave back
FOR LIFE every few minutes, bargained for
the bronze, the missionaries with
whom I was visiting were telegraphed to by their
Consul—the United States Consul at Shanghai—to
flee for their lives. I left Soochow three days
before this telegram was sent, thus missing the
experience of having to flee for life from an old
walled Chinese City. But had I had that sensation

I should have missed being caught down-town in the Shanghai Riots. Which? oh which, would I prefer to have missed? I cannot decide.

This business street, as I have mentioned, ends in a pagoda which I climbed as far as the fifth story and then went out upon the balcony that surrounds the pagoda at every story, to view the city and country. It was a strange sight—that old old land, recalling again and again Biblical scenes. There below lay the city with its thousands of roofs which happily hid the narrow squalid streets and filthy people.

So very slit-like are the streets that no trace of them could be seen save a wide one—wide in comparison—near by. I wondered what would be seen were the crust of roofs suddenly to be raised. Afterwards, after calling in many of the homes, I had some idea, which I shall give in detail later, but now shall say it would be some what as though a large stone that covered an ant-hill were turned over—the crowds hurrying and scurrying hither and thither—as I write this “ant-hill” idea it occurs to me it is a fit description, as well, of New York’s busy streets; what a difference! This crust of roofs extended on every hand almost to the wall. The old grey wall that stands so majestically. Up on it no sound of the countless ear-splitting noises of the city can be heard. There, there is monastic stillness broken only by the cawing of innumerable crows. The Chinese should adopt the crow for decorative purposes as representative of their country’s birds. On the grim old wall, banked with earth on the inside to within six feet of the top, but on the outside a sheer drop of sixty feet, the air is fresh and sweet as it blows from the mountains that lie a short distance away, and so is the air up on the pagoda. From the pagoda the course of the Grand Canal can be traced for miles, and everywhere that day sunshine was over the city but not in it. Pagodas are always of odd numbered stories, this one had nine and they all bring good luck, but I decided it might not mean good luck for me if I remained there longer, for more than a dozen of those evil-

faced Chinamen from whom I always shrank, had followed me on to the balcony and if one of them thought he would be doing his country honour by putting one little foreigner out of existence, he could easily do so by throwing me over into space; and then when a disturbing noise inside of the pagoda told me that more Chinamen were coming up I hastily departed. I never like showing the white feather, but it was only that morning that I had heard for the first time of the strong anti-foreign feeling that was in Soochow, and indeed, that Soochow was a hot-bed of anti-foreign feeling,

ANTI-FOREIGN and excited meetings were held every day. My fears were well-founded, for it was afterwards considered too dangerous for ladies to go walking upon the streets. We walked, as quickly as possible, which at best was but slowly, so crowded were the crooked, uneven streets choked over head with countless fantastic wooden sign-boards, which in the early twilight looked wierd, making good subjects for imagination to work upon; walked over bridges that were six or eight steps higher than the street and on which were temporarily stationed travelling kitchens, refreshment stalls, and pedlars displaying their miscellaneous collections, fairly under the passer-by's feet; we passed policemen occasionally, whose manner said, in capital letters, "Don't depend on me;" passed public menders of clothes plying their needles whilst sitting on bamboo stools in the street; passed shops where ghost money and ghost necessities of the heathen-life may be bought; stepped into a shop to let a sedan chair pass, following which ancient chair was a bicycle ridden by a long gowned Chinaman with his pig-tail floating out behind; through spiked thief-gates we had to go, which a few hours later would be closed, thus dividing the whole city into sections so that thieves had little chance of escaping, and people of honest intention had difficulty going from one part of the town to another, for at each thief-gate the watchman who slept in a wretched dog-kennel had to be aroused from a deep sleep—he could be awakened

if perseverance were practised. Temptation was strong to dally here and there to see strange sights but discretion said to hurry on, and really I was thankful to step inside of the mission compound. I can think of no other description of the difference between within the mission compound and without than : it was as Heaven and Hell.

COMPARISON That is rather strong but nearer the actual condition of things

than anything else I can think of, and that simile comes again and again to my mind. These mission compounds are an oasis in the wilderness of filth, and are fine examples to the Chinese of the assurance that people can be happy though clean. The Chinese think we, foreigners, are very dirty people for we need so many baths and so many clean clothes. When telling my friends of my fright up on the pagoda I jokingly said, excusing myself for running away, that I believed "He who fights and runs away will *live* to fight another day" and to my surprise found that some of them always thought that was the meaning of that proverb. Do you think it means that, or means that "he who fights and runs away will live to *fight* another day," or, in other words, does the proverb advise fighting to the end, or running away?

That night as I was dropping off to sleep there was a fiendish noise which made my hair rise up on end and my flesh creep. It seemed to be on our compound. A door slammed and shook the house, in which there were only three women, and no man. Visions of what I had seen during the day came in rapid succession to my mind. What that fiendish noise recalled is so well described by a writer who had visited Canton that I can do no better than to quote that passage from him.

"One of the most dreadful things in Canton is the stench which fills the cramped streets. It is a charnel-house smell; a smell suggestive of mawkish disease, of rottenness of bones. It is no mere compound of open drains and the reek of perspiring men, streaked by the odour of cooking oil, of incense, and of putrid fish. It is an aggressive

smell. It strikes upon the senses as a crash of discordant sound beats upon the ear. It is cruel in its persistence, and as horrible in its suggestion of suffocation as if invisible fingers were clutching at the throat.

No little of the vileness of this acrid stench comes from certain creeks which crawl through the city. They are crossed now and then by narrow stone bridges. From the parapet of the bridge one looks down upon no prattling rivulet, no Venetian canal, but upon a gutter of black mud, and a slimy track bestrewed with pots and pans, dead animals, rotting rags, and the general offal of the town. The filth oozes sea-ward as if it were the dark blood of a diseased city draining away. Tumble down houses hang over these creeks, seemingly about to fall in. Not even a live rat is to be seen on the banks, nor is there a single blade of grass in the length of the gully, for the shores of this creek are of festering, bubbling sludge, which would poison anything that had life. Yet two million people call this city "home," and the country they name the Flowery Kingdom.

Canton is a night-mare city, and it is hard to conceive of a more ghastly dream than to be lost in the maze of cruel streets. Everything is strange, the dark ways are cramped and sinister, and shut in from the sky. They seem to lead on for miles and miles, so that one might wander for days before the outer wall and the green fields are reached. The streets are like corridors in a prison, like subterranean trenches, like cuttings in a mine. The high walls on either side seem to be creeping together. There is a fear that the causeway will become narrower and narrower, until at last the wayfarer must be crushed between the greasy stones. The stench in the air is as unbreathable as gas. The alleys are full of a sallow crowd, some in dingy clothes, some in bare yellow skin. They have shaven heads and grinning teeth. As the terror-stricken man in the dream hurries by *like a hunted thing* from lane to lane they all

stare with curious faces. There comes to him the memory of the deviltry of the people, of their murderous uprisings, of their fiendish cruelty. He is filled with piteous alarm. He is imprisoned. He is seized with a frenzy to escape before the painted walls close in, before the fumes of the place stifle him, or the growing crowd trample him into the mud. There is no sound about the place like the sound of cities, only a muttering of an unknown tongue, and the slimy tramp of thousands of bare feet. More terrible than all, the panting man in the dream is utterly alone."

This is not an exaggeration. Reason asserted itself and told me that this noise was merry-making in connection with a wedding, December being the month for weddings, but reason does not make one's hair lie down, nor stop one's teeth from chattering, nor make one's flesh resume its proper lack of feeling. We were blocks from the wall. One needs to be there to realize the awfulness of being in a walled city away from the wall with the enemy *inside*: Ah! those awful gates against which one is powerless! I am thankful my duty does not call me there.

Soochow is not all like this; outside of the wall across the Grand Canal lies a comparatively new part where, following the canal for five miles, is a drive-way for carriages, and carriages to drive in.

In this part I saw a purely Chinese institution where babies, who are to be thrown away, may be thrown. There is a big drawer in which, when it is opened and shut after the baby has been put in, a bell rings to warn the people within that a baby is in the drawer, so then they get the child and bring her up—I said "her," for of course it is never necessary to throw away a boy—and sell her for a slave. As a rule babies are thrown away only because of the superstition that in some way she will bring bad luck. All well-to-do Chinese families have slaves. I would like to have opened this drawer to see what it was like inside but we were, unfortunately for that, on the Grand

Canal on our way to see a Chinese garden. It was an ideal afternoon the sky clear, the sun bright, the air cool and comparatively fresh, the sights along the way picturesque and strange. Great pavilions, or monuments, built to commemorate noted widows, loomed up, their magnificent proportions and carvings clear cut against the sky, oftentimes making a frame for a beautiful natural picture. Stone bridges built in a semi-circle, the circle being completed in the reflection, added their quota to the pleasure of the trip.

Chinese gardens stand in a list by themselves. They are far remote from any Occidental idea of a garden, and never having seen a photograph of them, nor read of them, they came as a surprise and needed an interpreter. A foreigner may walk through them and see them outwardly, but he is blind to the real meaning. Their features are full of meaning, which to understand would need as close a study as is necessary to understand the language, closer even, for these gardens embody the ideals of the Chinese. They are essentially a place for reflection and communion. I felt as though in the presence of a great mystery. Everywhere right at hand there was something if only one's eyes were opened to see. To one having no knowledge of Oriental life the garden was only odd combinations of lava and rock; little ponds spanned by zig-zag bridges; paths neatly tiled, with days and days of labor, possible only in a country where labour is cheap; the pieces of tile, and broken dishes, bought for the purpose, were turned on edge and laid in patterns. But one has only to live a short time in the East to know that everything of this sort has a meaning, and that nothing is done on the hit-or-miss plan. Every detail is governed by a rule; there are rules for perspective and proportion, and these are strictly adhered to although at first one is inclined to think there are no such lines. The patterns in the tiled paths mean *happiness, long life* (the wish is always that you *may live a thousand years*), wealth, and so on; the

zig-zags of the bridges are to prevent the evil spirits from crossing for they can go only in straight lines. As summer-houses form a feature of Occidental gardens so rooms do in Oriental gardens. These rooms are built of white plaster, and the wood used in them is of a rich brown colour. The entrances are pear-shaped, or round, or square, or octagonal, and in every case built of stone. Window spaces are usually filled in with open designs of porcelain, sometimes representing bamboo, sometimes in geometrical designs; occasionally though, there will be one of quaint shape, without any filling, from which you may be sure a view of great beauty is to be seen. Outside of this window there are mountains, frightful in their ruggedness, which may be scaled by narrow trails; there are gorges, and ravines crossed by dangerous looking bridges; there cataracts fall into rivers that flow for such a distance that the current is lost and lakes are formed, where grotesque gold-fish disport; and all this in a space a yard or two square. It is beautiful, as a Chinaman sees it.

There are a large library, many sitting rooms, and dining-rooms, and two theatres in this garden; and these at New Year's time are in great demand. We took tea in an octagonal room overlooking a pond in which the lotus, a Buddhist emblem, grew. As the lotus lifts up its buds out of the slimy ground, to a greater or less height above the water, unfolding its leaves and flowers upon whose spotless petals no traces can be seen of the mire from which it springs, so the soul of man must rise from the slime of sin, by its own power and efforts, to greater heights and reach the blessedness of Nirvana.

The literary tastes of the guests are met by quotations from the classics hanging upon the walls of the different rooms; while straight backed, antique looking, blackwood chairs, tables, and opium sofas to match, were chained to the floors so that the taste of the casual kleptomaniac could not be gratified. I was sorry to leave, feeling that I under-

stood so little of what I saw, and knowing that altho' I could see I was blind to much of the beauty, and blind entirely to the meaning. Usually I have no desire to see places by moonlight, as I much prefer my bed; but I had a great longing to see that garden by the light of a full moon. There was a moon that night which, as we were slowly rowed homeward, cast its rays in a broad path along the Grand Canal and touched pailows which now loomed up in giant proportions against the sky, bridges which now appeared to be circular, junks, and sampans, with its transforming light. The western sky was still aglow with the setting-sun, and against it the old wall with its crenelated parapet, its gate-towers, and its dignity of age, was majestic. It was evening and the canal was quiet, in the boats under the hood of matting the family had gathered, and here and there a flickering light of prepared string in oil showed that the inmates had not yet gone to sleep.

I have endeavored to fitly describe the outside of a Chinese city, and now shall try to tell something of the inside, or of the home life and the homes. Knowing that Soochow was an aristocratic city, I wondered where could the aristocrats live? With this question in my mind I stepped into a sedan chair that was lined with pale blue silk piped with dark blue, and had yellow silk curtains at the windows, and outside all around hung a deep dark colored fringe which swayed in unison with the chair as I was carried through the streets on the shoulders of two men with a third running ahead shouting "Clear the way," or rather the Chinese equivalent; about every block the out-runner would relieve one of his companions from the burden of the chair, and this was done by a heave and a great swing in the air of the chair from one man to the other. For my own peace of mind I thought it was best not to inquire as to the ratio of accidents at this critical time. My friend in her chair, and with a brass foot-stove under her feet, followed. We turned into a street at an unfortunate time, for *we broke into the middle of an immense funeral,*

There were all sorts of queer looking things and queerly dressed people who were no doubt proper for a funeral. It would have been intensely interesting to have stood by and watched it passing; but as it was, we could only see a part of it. It was all so strange that I cannot remember anything distinctly; there was a medley of catafalque, big umbrellas and gay colors, except that the man immediately in front of me was on a white horse, the build of which, before coming to the East, I never thought could be; and that the people, gathered to watch the procession, seemed to think we belonged to it. This was my only experience with funerals except seeing one or two simple ones in Shanghai where the humble mourners rode on wheelbarrows, or walked, and where the coffin was of logs cemented together and borne to its resting place suspended by ropes and poles from coolies' shoulders, and where the only guard against the Evil Spirit was one gong, but that gong was always put to good use and made enough noise to deafen onlookers if not the Evil Spirit.

What I am about to say concerning death and its accompaniments in China is only from reading, or hearsay. A coffin is a much valued present.

Happy, indeed, is the Chinaman who **COFFIN** has his coffin ready and in his house awaiting the day that must come. I heard of one old man who was being badly treated but he bore it all knowing that his coffin was ready for him; the grossest ill-treatment of him was the stealing of his coffin. He was heart-broken. A foreigner happened to hear of this and bought the poor old man a new coffin and had it chained to the floor. In due time this poor old man died, and it was found he owned valuable lands all of which he left to the foreigner who had bought him his coffin. I did not see any poor coffinless men to be kind to; alas! When a Sovereign dies, the whole nation goes into mourning: no one is allowed to shave for one hundred days—poor barbers, how hard on them! Signs of mourning are everywhere then, even the wheelbarrows have

blue cushions instead of red ones. White and sack-cloth is for the deepest mourning; blue for half mourning. A Chinaman wears mourning for his superiors, or equals, but not necessarily for his wife; but when women mourn they must sit on the ground or, worse still, the cold stone floors of their houses, for seven days and sleep on mats near the coffin. During these days food is not cooked, chopsticks are not used, as deepest sorrow is symbolised by using the hands for conveying food to the mouth.

It is a most expensive matter for a rich Chinaman to die. A poor man can die, and a happy resting place, that will harm neither himself nor

his relations, can quickly be found: not
DEATH so with the rich man. The gods must be consulted, the spirits in general, and the spirits of that particular man's ancestors, as well as the living minds of his descendants must all be consulted and must all unite on a place. This takes time, sometimes years; meanwhile the confined body stays in the house, and money, for the spirits can be communicated with only through professional mediums who are specialists and demand specialist's prices gauged only by what they think is the wealth of the family. There is honour in a long delay of burial if caused by profound reflection, infinite inquiry, and much communication with the mysterious Fung-shui which teaches that the whole earth is alive with influences that affect, for good or for evil, the living as well as the dead. During the time for mourning no silk clothes are worn, after the deepest mourning sack-cloth is discarded but white is worn, then blue. If you see a man with a white button on his hat and a white cord woven into his queue he is in deep mourning; if the button be blue then it is second mourning.

Progressive Chinese are trying to cut down the expenses connected with weddings and funerals but it will be a long time before funeral costs are cut to any extent, for superstition has laid its clutches deep into the soul of the Chinese. No west African *savage* is more ground down by fetish than is the Chinaman by superstition.

This day that we got into the funeral procession we were on our way to call at a magnificent Mohammedan home and passed through street after street all alike filthy, and in one we met a steamer trunk dangling from one end of a pole slung across a coolie's shoulder, while on the other end of the pole hung a "pookay" (bedding rolled in matting). I recognised these as my property being conveyed to my new place of residence. In a street as narrow as the others, but by chance not quite so dirty, we stopped at an unpretentious gate in a high, plastered, black painted wall. The gate was opened immediately, for we were expected; my friend having that morning sent her husband's card—a thin piece of paper bright red on the front side with the name printed in black ink in Chinese characters, and white on the reverse—asking permission to call in the afternoon. Chinese ladies do not get up until noon, and then take a long time to dress. This friend, who so kindly took me into the homes of the people of China, is the wife of a medical missionary and devotes her time to the social life of the Chinese people; calling on them, accepting their invitations, and inviting and receiving them in her home:—An important and profitable vocation from a missionary standpoint, for it brings them into the outer circle of Christian influence and seeing that the Christians' homes are not the dreadful places they have been told about, they gradually come within to the inner circles. This lady being born in China and having learnt the language in childhood, has no difficulty conversing with the people, and having a charming, tactful manner, and social tendencies, makes an ideal person for that difficult position.

No word suits the motion of the Chinese sedan chair, better than the word "Jellied," so, we jellied through this common-looking gate into an outer room—a "stable" for sedan chairs—

HOMES then on through a courtyard and an entrance hall, then another courtyard, and looking ahead, as doors flew open, the a beautiful vista of reception halls

alternately, ending in a brilliantly lighted place of honor. Had this been a Confucian, or Bhuddist, Chinese home, in the place of honor would have been ancestral tablets: but being Mohammedan, there was a selection from the Koran written in blue on a white tile, and a valuable painting—called by the Japanese, “kakemono”—and a costly ornament. After jellifying through five or six reception halls and courtyards our chairs were lowered and we stepped out upon a stone floor. This, like all reception halls, had a domed roof of very dark redish brown wood inset with oyster-shells, scraped thin to let in light. The two outer walls were a series of double-leaved French doors, closely latticed with the dark wood to hold the shell lights: the light, toned down by the oyster shells through which it passes, softens the gay colouring of the men's and women's clothing, and adds much to the splendour of the environment. This house is an exceptional one, and perhaps is the largest in Soochow; it might well be for it has three hundred rooms. Oriental splendour in truth—but Oriental splendour is not in any way our ideal for a home; it is too cold, too barren. This house was spotlessly clean, for the indwellers were Mohammedans. When I saw this beautiful home with its sunny courtyards wherein were fountains and gardens; its lofty chambers with exquisitely carved woodwork; its marble floors; its tables and chairs, rich in colouring and quaint in design, with marble inset, the natural stratum of which formed pictures most often of forest or mountain; and with its wall-paintings done in watercolours with the freshness of nature preserved; and recalled to mind the streets through which we had come, I no longer felt sorry that the Chinese ladies were kept in their homes and could not go on the streets. Home was by far the best place if there be courtyards, and sunshine, and fountains; but how many homes are there like that! Few, ah, few indeed! This was the first Chinese home I was in, and after *going into others* the old feeling of pity came back: *I could not but think, if the ladies of China had been in the habit of walking on the streets the*

streets would not be as they are. Would not the streets of Occidental cities degenerate if ladies never went upon them? One never sees a lady on the streets in China; not even riding in a sedan chair, for then the blinds are drawn and she sees not, neither is seen. A Chinese lady does not have a round of afternoon calls to make, or evening entertainments to attend, for as far as I could find out there is no mingling of families in a social way. On such occasions as weddings and birthday feasts the relations are invited, but no outsiders, privileged foreigners excepted.

This family of Mohammedans (although Arabian) had lived so long in China that, to my untrained eye, they were the same as the Chinese, save that the men assisted their wives in receiving us, which the Chinese do not; and that there was cleanliness everywhere. We were taken from one grand reception room to another, stopping long enough in most to sip tea out of the covered cups in which it is made. To do this it is necessary to lift the lid and with it gently push back the tea leaves, then replace the lid on a slant and gracefully, if you can, sip the tea that comes through between the lid and the cup. A novice usually succeeds in having two or three streams flowing elsewhere than where they should. My friends' nose was too advanced to use the cup in the orthodox fashion, so she had to remove the lid and drink from the bowl—I say bowl for it is not our idea of a cup, having no handle. Only about twenty of the family followed us on our tour of inspection. There were the gentlemen of the house in gay clothing—Chinese men adopt en masse all the tints of a Canadian sunset—one wore peach colored trousers, and sky blue tunic with pipings and trimmings of other colours. Besides the men there were head wives in handsome brocaded coats, and heavily embroidered, red silk skirts, and with pearls and jade ornamenting the flaps that form something of an apology for a cap, and with gold ornaments in their hair, and bracelets on the wrists; little wives plainly dressed and without ornaments; little girls, with cheeks painted

pink to represent the flush of youth, but the windows of the soul showed what suffering they were enduring with the binding of their feet; boys bright-eyed and alert, so evidently the darlings of the family, and so like boys in our home land, for when sent off to school, the school-room was one of the three hundred, they returned saying the teacher could not be found, and he never could be so long as foreigners were visiting at the home. Funniest of all were the babies with their embryo queues sprouting with the assistance of plenty of red yarn, they were unmanageable little "pig-tails" kinking in every direction. Then, of course, servants and slaves came and went. There were thirteen departments in this household; that is, all the thirteen men of the family lived there each with his head wife, his little wives, children, servants, and slaves. My friend asked how many children there were in the household, but no one knew off hand, and not having an abacus handy to reckon on, no attempt was made to count the number. I taught a few phrases of English to one of the little boys, one of which he remembered to repeat as I was leaving, it was "good bye; come back again." These people were exceedingly kind in showing us their house; we were taken into bed-rooms, almost as cheerless as the reception-rooms, not quite, for the floors were of wood, painted a warm, reddish brown. A Chinese bed is an important piece of furniture, as so much ceremony is connected with it. A bride makes hideous looking ornaments for her bed, ornaments though that are full of meaning and if not properly made or properly hung would bring bad luck in the thousand forms in which it can come to a Chinese. As a piece of furniture a Chinese bed may be very handsome. It has a canopy of wood artistically carved and inset with marble; at each end, under the bed and part of it are small drawers. There are no springs, but instead threads of hemp are woven between the frame of the bed to support the mattress. The Chinese use *low pillows*—much the same as ours. I wish I *could remember* if they use sheets but I cannot.

Inside of the carved wood work that supports the canopy hangs curtains. We were shown into a room where there was a sick woman. The room was darkened by red curtains and the bed hung with red. Seeing this I remembered reading that in Ireland for certain ailments the room and bed are darkened with red, and thought it strange that the same peculiar custom should exist in two countries so far apart and so dissimilar. At the back of the bed—in the bed, one might say, for the canopy made the bed like a small room, at night the curtains surrounded the bed, in the day they were looped back at the front—stood a low table with a lighted candle on it,—is that the custom too in Ireland?

They had kept the room that they were most proud of until the last,—not that we went through the three hundred, but that it was nearing the time for our departure,—this room of which they were so proud was a foreign room. "Ah! A foreign room," we exclaimed. They beamed.

It was supposed to be a dining-room for in the centre was a long dining-table but on top of the dining-table was a white bed-spread and on top of the bed-spread a Chinese newspaper in lieu of a centre-piece, and on top of the newspaper a dish of fruit. Chairs accompanied the table but they were not what we call dining-room chairs. There was a side table at which we sat, sipped tea, ate the fruit and peanuts, and cracked dried watermelon seeds which are always served with the tea. The dried watermelon seeds are very popular. They are as much like nothing as anything can be, and to crack them one runs the risk of breaking a tooth, but they serve an important purpose, they fill in embarrassing moments; where we would poke the fire, or fiddle with a watch-chain; where the Japanese would re-arrange the charcoal in the "hibachi;" there, the Chinese crack watermelon seeds. A wardrobe with a large mirror occupied a prominent place, while in a place less conspicuous was a washstand with all the toilet articles. You wonder how they could possibly think a washstand suitable for a dining-

room; well, it is in this way,—after every meal cloths rung out of boiling water are passed around upon which the face and hands are wiped, thus making a washstand quite correct for a dining-room; then as this wiping removes the paint from the ladies' faces, the mirror in the wardrobe is needed to see that it is properly renewed. The real Chinese way, which I saw done in another house, is for the slave to bring a box to the table, that looks as though it were a jewel box but which contains paint and powder, brushes and puff, and in the uplifted lid is a mirror. In this foreign room tea was served in foreign cups, that equalled the room in commonness, they were the Sunday-school festival kind. The entire room and its contents were out of harmony with the magnificent Oriental house. I asked one of the ladies of this home if she would give me a pair of her shoes? She had "golden lilies." She regretted she did not have a new pair, and could not understand why I should prefer one shewing evidence of wear. They are four and a half inches long, so are not considered very small. In the flip of one is a "cash" piece for luck. These small shoes will in time be curiosities in China, so rapidly is the anti-foot-binding movement spreading. I am not an advocate of foot-binding, but I confess that the tiny red shoes, exquisitely embroidered, peeping from under the short skirts of a Chinese lady, look very dainty and attractive. I can quite understand the men admiring the small foot, when for it they do not have to suffer. These small shoes that were given me are reposing on my drawing-room table, yet I have criticized a washstand in a dining-room. In one short afternoon call, all the details of such a home could not be grasped; I regretted I had not a thousand eyes and a brain of like capacity. We retraced our steps through those beautiful Oriental rooms and sunny courtyards until we came to the reception hall where our sedan chairs were; and there, we slipped the first and second fingers of our right hand up our left coat-sleeve, allowing the thumb, third and little fingers to rest on the

outside of the sleeve as we slowly moved our arms up and down from the elbow only, and thus made our adieu before backing into the sedan chairs. The Chinese shake hands, not with each other but each with himself. A man places his right hand over his left so that the two thumbs are parallel to the body and then shakes them slightly, about as much as a violent trembling. One day I forgot and made a man's handshake, which naturally amused the Chinese. When we were comfortably seated in our chairs, the bearers hoisted each chair, with a lurch to one side then to the other and with much creaking of bamboo, or, whatever material the chair was made of, up on to their shoulders, and we jellied out even as we jellied in. The small boy remembered to say "Good bye, come back again," and those were the last words we heard as the unpretentious gate closed and we were once more on those narrow, dirty, sun-less streets.

Our next call was on a Chinese lady of high class, now in reduced circumstances. This home seemed small indeed after the Mohammedan one of three hundred rooms and everything in keeping save the hideous foreign room, but my friend and hers were welcome and that in any country counts for more than a mere display of opulence although wealth and welcome combined may be ideal. The reception hall in which we were received was very near the front gate, but the great array of ancestral tablets told a story not in keeping with the humbleness of the home. A Chinese young lady who had been educated in the United States was there giving lessons in English to the sons of the house. In Chinese estimation a teacher ranks high, and every respect is shown. So when we were seated in our proper places at the square polished table upon which were the peanuts, sections of oranges, candy, and dried watermelon seeds for our refreshment, the hostess offered the remaining seat at the table to the teacher. She of course declined the honour with proper humility, thereupon the hostess urged her again and again, even to the extent of catching hold of her and trying to force

because they are barbarians
hostess to take the seat
er to sit near me so that
Preliminaries being over
was served. The boys
boots of coarse leather
but they were as proud
boy is of his first pair.
American boycott, with
Soochow too dangerous
live in, foreign pots and
necessaries were seen
more display of them than
of Soochow and suburbs
that there must be a nation.
In the most unexpected
would be seen. Main
street to street, into
alleys plying their trade
or, there was a custom
ancient brass hot water
enamelled tin ones, so
in the tonsorial outfit
toilet of men that is
but the women are except
who like the Chinese
are much more unconfident
those who prefer the Japanese
more immodest; and
disposed to criticise the

you think I am about to say, the bound feet of the Eastern woman, but I am not, for that custom is so well known—and the band which the Chinese ladies wear across the bosom to produce a flat appearance that is highly beautiful in their eyes. I am told this causes great pain; but being a mark of beauty, women will suffer and smile. Those who are familiar from pictures with the dress of the Chinese ladies see loose fitting coats with wide sleeves, but these are not up-to-date. To-day fashionable Chinese ladies, and there are many of them, wear their coats very tight and to get the proper effect, round the body is a broad heavy stiff tent canvas band, fastened up the back with horn buttons. This band being without shape is exceedingly uncomfortable to the wearer and makes stooping an impossibility, but as there are always slaves at hand this does not matter. Now, the sleeves are tight,—plain, and short, coming to about three inches above the wrist. This coat-like garment is fur-lined for the winter and as the sleeves are not cut separately and then sewn in but cut with the coat, and thus fit perfectly only when the arms are outstretched like a sign-post, they hang with a hump at the shoulder-blade that is like a deformity. But such is fashion!

The women around Shanghai and Soochow wear skirts; position, rank and many things are shown by the skirt. For example, a widow can never wear a red one, unless, in some parts, she has a son married, although she may wear certain other colours; little wives can never wear any but a black skirt; girls never wear any skirt, but wear gayly colored trousers reaching to the ankle and a shirt like garment covering the upper part of the body. I never ceased being amused at the girls whenever they sat down, for they all unconsciously, tilted up the little tails of their garment so that it would not be crushed. When a girl becomes a young lady her long braid of black hair, that heretofore hung down like a pig-tail and had been fastened with colored ribbons (unless she be in mourning then white ones)

used), is coiled over one ear and gaily ornamented; then the next stage is to have the hair coiled in all its glossiness at the back of the head—very low down just now—and then she may don a skirt. A Chinese girl wears her front hair in a fringe. This is a real native fashion, and at present the correct thing is to have it cut so as to hang in a semi-circle around the face and curled, yes, curled. But not what we would called curled for it has merely a hump in it. Fashions originate for that section in Soochow, and not in Shanghai as one might expect, and the tailors are the originators. Once when speaking to one of the school-girls in Soochow about fashions I said "Has not the fashion of curling the bang (fringe) reached Soochow yet?" Before she could reply the missionary said "oh! our girls do not know anything about fashions and careless." The girls face betrayed her so I said "you do, don't you." "Oh yes, and we would like to curl our hair too" was the answer, showing human nature is the same in Soochow as in Paris. From the time a girl is very young, if she belongs to a rich family, the father gives her jewels—chiefly pearls and jade—so that every lady has a beautiful collection of them. The principal way to display jewels is on their head-dress which is only worn in winter—hence great ceremonious feasts are held then. The cap consists of two pear shaped pieces of black cloth fastened so that the broad pieces come over the ears and the narrow part which is about two inches wide, above the forehead, on this narrow piece in a straight line above the nose are always two large jewels, usually immense pearls while the rest of the cap is thickly covered with pearls and jade and fastened to the cap somewhere over the ear is an ornament made of pearls and shaped something like a hand, the fingers projecting towards the face. When these elaborate ornaments are worn, quick movements of the head are out of the question. In fact the whole dress of a Chinese lady from the pearl bedecked head to the bound feet, necessitates a *stiff manner*, reminding one of *martinettes*. The *tiny shoes* also indicate the rank, position etc. of the

wearers, and there are fashions in shoes as in other things. The pair the Mohammedan lady gave me were of red brocade silk, upon which unnatural looking butterflies are embroidered. The butterfly—an emblem of freedom—what a farce! This red foundation is finished at the top of the shoe by a piping of royal blue brocade which is followed around by bands of green, black, and gold braid; in the tab at the back is a lucky coin; a white cotton sock is worn.

In Soochow there is a school for Chinese girls run entirely by the Chinese at which in 1905 there were 88 girls. The limit was placed at bound feet; none with bound feet was eligible for admittance if the feet be bound when the scholar comes then the unbinding process must begin. Although this school is a mere atom in China, still it means much, for Soochow is a leading city, and what the leader does others will do. The Chinese are, in everything they can, copying the Japanese. Calisthenics are taught, and the little girls are dressed in uniforms similar to those of Japanese soldiers, a funnier sight could not be seen anywhere. In one, purely Chinese school I heard that the way they gave music lessons was for one to take the lesson, with the others looking on. Even in the four weeks that I was in China I heard of so many purely Chinese reforms, suggested of course by western civilization, that it is easily seen that China's awakening has come. Will the darkest hours be before the dawn? Will the present disturbances be worse than the Boxer trouble?

I was taken to call upon a Chinese lady, heathen of course, who is president of the Anti-Foot-Binding Society in Soochow, and so influential that the foreigners call her the Empress-Dowager. Her home had been built for three hundred years and it looked its age. Time had not dealt kindly with it; instead of picturesque ruins there were only unsightly signs of decay, while the skeleton of a sedan chair that rested, thickly coated with dust, in an entrance hall, gave an uncanny feeling. This lady was most advanced in her views; she had educated all her family except one daughter who, she said, was

engaged to be married and she did not intend to educate her. This is not "advanced" in the technical sense, but it shows that even the advanced ones are still weighed down by custom. As we were seated at tea in the old reception-hall with its stone floor, its lofty domed roof with the great rafters showing, its window-doors of oyster-shell and wooden lattice work, its tables polished with the grease of many meals, and while our hostess discoursed on the anti-foot-binding movement, higher education, or on the doings of the court at Peking, for her husband when living had been a court-official, hens meandered over the floor picking up such crumbs as might fall and adding an occasional "chuck-cluck" to the general conversation, a servant, hanging in dirt and rags, rudely interrupted her mistress to ask if something cooking were nearly done. A cat enjoyed the contents of a bowl that were for another purpose than her pleasure. With cupboard doors opened showing a disorderly array of utensils, and with dirt everywhere, and things in full view which we usually keep out of sight of company, I was reminded of Dickens' Mrs. Jellaby in a Chinese setting. Now bear in mind that this was a nice Chinese home, and any Chinese girl who married into it would be considered very lucky indeed. We were shown all over the house, and in the sitting-room of a bride, who had just lately come to the home, had some objectionable looking stew served to us. I wish to repeat that this was a nice home; the husband having been a Court official at Peking; his family and his wife's had been in official life for generations, and besides this they were progressive people. Yet that night I could not sleep for thinking of the awfulness of a Western girl marrying a Chinaman. A wild bird, accustomed to the freedom of the forest with all its sunshine and happiness, captured and penned in a cage in a cold, damp cellar would not be quite as bad a contemplation as a Western girl marrying a Chinaman because

MARRIAGE of the different capacity a bird
and a woman have for suffering,
and because the bird would, naturally, die sooner.

It is the Chinese custom for a man to have as many wives as he can afford to keep, and as they are married when very young a Western girl need not think she is the first, or head wife, no! she will be one of the little wives and subservient to the head wife. Even if she were the first wife she must live with his family, and her mother-in-law is then her boss. And besides, in his home there is nothing uplifting, nothing home-like, and all the Chinese in the house would be the Western bride's jealous rivals. Escape! She simply could not escape. Their houses are not built in that way; the house would indeed be a jail to her. I would go crazy. There may be happy marriages of this kind, but I did not hear of them while I heard of several very unhappy ones, and knowing the inside of Chinese homes and knowing a little of the iron rules of etiquette I can not conceive of any marriage between an Occidental and Chinaman being a happy one.

Since my visit to China I read the following in a newspaper:—

WIFE WAS ILL USED

UNHAPPY SEQUEL TO FRENCH GIRL'S MARRIAGE TO CHINESE DIPLOMAT.

Paris, Feb. 5.—The marriage between a young woman belonging to a well-known family in Paris and a Chinese diplomatist, which attracted so much attention two years ago, has had a somewhat unhappy sequel. After a short period of happy wedded life in Paris, the couple went to Peking, where the young wife received anything but a friendly welcome from the mandarin's family. The female relatives of her husband quickly made her a butt for their ridicule, her mother-in-law showing herself especially tyrannical. They even induced her husband to marry a young Chinese woman to whom the young French woman was required to act as a sort of servant.

At last the wretched wife contrived to send a letter to her mother, who went off to China, and yesterday returned with her daughter to Paris.

In China marriage is for the family not for the

individual, and the wishes of the contracting parties are not consulted, and usually they never see each

other until after they are

A HEATHEN

married. The marriage is

CHINESE WEDDING

arranged by the parents through a go-between. The

position of a go-between is most remunerative. A Chinaman's aim in marriage is to continue his family name, have descendants for ancestral worship, and to give to his mother a daughter-in-law for a servant.

I was fortunate in being invited to an aristocratic heathen Chinese wedding. The invitation is worthy of a description. Red being the wedding colour, the invitation was in three shades of red. The envelope was a terra-cotta with a strip of bright pinkish red pasted on upon which the name of the guest was written in the usual Chinese style and characters. The envelope was not sealed, inside was a large piece of bright red paper folded in a peculiar way with a printed picture of two men on the outside fold. There is a legend connected with these men, but all I know is that they are called the two friends, and always figure at weddings. This bright red paper was merely the wrapper for the invitation proper, which was written in black ink on pinkish-red paper. In the right hand column, reading from top to bottom, were the names of those to be married and of those who sent the invitation. In the next column to the left at the top was "your presence will give light" (a dainty piece of flattery which I did not expect from the Chinese who are not renowned for flowery speeches). In the third and last column, about the middle, were the words for "do not refuse." I did not refuse. And will now give a few impressions and facts. There was so much that was novel that correct detail of all that is done cannot be grasped by seeing one, or two; no, nor a dozen weddings, for fashion differs with the years and in different places, although the essential ceremony is probably the same. This wedding, of which I am speaking, took place in Soochow in December 1905.

Ordinarily a bride comes to the home of her future husband's family in a sedan-chair covered with red satin heavily embroidered and bejewelled with imitation jewels and bedecked with tinsel and small mirrors; gaily coloured lanterns lighted hang from the chair, which is preceded by a band, and outrunners, dressed in red and wearing conically shaped hats. The bride-groom's family and guests are notified that the bride is coming, by fire works, and the sounds of the music and the shouting of outrunners,—these three combined make an alarming noise to the unused Westerner, they sent remembrances of Boxer Riots through my mind, but when my friend whispered "The bride is coming" I forgot all such unpleasant things in the excitement of seeing the bride enter. She came in a plain green chair with a red rag tied to the top-knot. My friend, who had attended many weddings, had never seen a green chair used before, and could not understand the meaning. Was it that the bride's people were so inferior that a grand red chair was not thought necessary (the groom's people send the chair)? Was it, that as this family were progressive, they were endeavoring to cut down the great expenses connected with Chinese weddings! Was it that they were stingy? Why? Inquiry, made later on, revealed the fact that anyone could use a red chair who could pay for it, but only those of a certain rank could use a green chair—green being the official colour for a chair—so these people were aristocratic enough to use a green chair.

The bride, apparently, came too soon; so her chair, herself within it, was set aside until the proper moment arrived. Dirty, rude street people crowded in and pushed the guests into the background; in fact they wandered all over the house, and the people of the house seemed pleased to have them do so. Hurried preparations were made; red carpet spread on the stone floor; tall red candles with a dragon design on the sides were lighted and so was the incense. I peered around for the ancestral tablets, but could not see them, so my

friend who could speak Chinese asked where they were, and two red lacquered boxes high up on a rafter against the domed roof were pointed out as containing the tablets. Very often when the occupants own the house the tablets are placed up there,—very difficult to reach in case of fire, I should think.

Underneath these tablets was a table upon which food and wine, an offering to the spirits of the departed, was placed. At last the auspicious moment arrived; the bride's chair was brought into a prominent position, and she was asked to come out by a master-of-ceremonies, whom I in my ignorance had mistaken for one of the street people. The invitation was given in a high theatrical tone that was, no doubt, supposed to be very alluring, but the bride did not come because custom demands that she shall delay as long as possible the moment for leaving. Delay as she would the moment came, and she left her chair but left it slowly and with the assistance of the professional managers. These professional managers are a fine institution for they are not excited, not being personally interested, and take all the responsibility of the successful carrying-out of arrangements. She came forth arrayed in red, and with a large square of red satin completely enveloping her. I said how hot that would be on a summer day, but was told that the Chinsee did not have weddings in hot weather for many reasons, principally because December was the lucky month (just as we say June is) and because the winter dress of the ladies, and doubtless of the man, is much handsomer than the summer one. The real ceremony began by the groom leading the bride by a red rag to the centre of the great reception-hall that opens out upon the court-yard, and here they worshipped Heaven and Earth by prostrations towards the outside; then turned and worshipped in the same manner the ancestral tablets that were fastened to the roof. As it was quite impossible for the bride to prostrate herself, *her* will had to be taken for the deed. Meanwhile *the family* had assembled on the red carpet in rows,

each generation in a row ; in the first row were a grandmother of the groom and his great aunt ; and in the last row was a baby about six months old ; the rows between were of course well filled. There was no priest for the service, but all the necessary talking was done by a master-of-ceremonies. He said something, thereupon the entire family of about eighty people prostrated themselves and then arose, all except the old grandmother ; the frequent prostrations and risings being too much for one of her years she remained prostrated until the end and then was assisted in rising by a little slave girl. This ancestral worship, with prostrations for each ancestor, or perhaps each generation of ancestors, was intensely interesting. The ritual was shouted by the master-of-ceremonies in a strained voice, and in a language unknown to the most of those present (ancient classic language). My impression is that there was a silence everywhere during the ceremony of ancestral worship, but this impression may only have been left because of the solemnity of the occasion. It was very solemn. There was a short ceremony in connection with the food set for the ancestral spirits. The setting of food for the spirits made them seem very near, and gave me the uncomfortable feeling that they were not happy because of the need for these temporal things.

The ancestral worship was followed by the bridal couple paying their respects to the groom's family beginning with the grandmother who sat in a red covered chair while the young groom prostrated himself, and his bride did the best she could which was to slowly move her arms up and down. The groom's mother insisted that my friend, whom she wished to honour, should sit in the chair and receive respect. Now, it would have been very rude for my friend to have done so, she would probably never be asked to the house again, yet her hostess caught her by the arm and some one else pushed her and some one pulled and she was nearly forced into the chair. There was an undignified struggle ; the only undignified part in the

whole affair. Every body knew my friend would not sit down, at least ought not to, and there was no intention that she should, yet she was nearly compelled to ; such is Chinese etiquette.

The marriage was over. The bride was led by the groom with a red rag and was escorted by tall candles lighted, through a narrow passage and up a steep stair to her room, which after that night she would not leave for one month and then only to pay a visit to her mother. In this room the bridal couple sat on the edge of one of those much-bedecked Chinese beds. I wish I could remember all the things that are put in and on the bridal-bed, but I cannot remember anything but that one thing was emblematic that they should not quarrel. There was such a succession of things, the like of which I had never seen before, that it was impossible to see, let alone remember every thing and its meaning. If ever I go again to a Chinese wedding I shall take a note book.

All this time the bride was enshrouded in the red satin veil but now a bar was taken from the bridal-bed and the bride's mother-in-law stood in front of the bride but with her back to her and, with the assistance of the ever present managers, the red satin veil was removed to the bar which the mother-in-law held over her shoulder. That was in some way emblematic of the mother-in-law's sovereignty. Food was brought and offered to the bride and groom but they only tasted it though they must both have been hungry. We were asked to leave the room as the bride was to change her marriage hat for one suitable for the feast which was to follow.

We had been in that room earlier in the day while awaiting the arrival of the bride. There we sipped tea out of those hard-to-manipulate cups ; ate delicious rose candy, like our gum-drops flavoured with real rose leaf, the roses being grown outside the city wall ; it was so delicious that I thought of Huyler's ; and cracked water melon seeds. Into one wall was built a cupboard with foreign glass windows : it was *for curios* and among the valuables was a medal

bearing Prince Albert's head. Seeing it I exclaimed, and the man who was head of the house opened the case and with pride showed it to me. It was to commemorate the opening of the Crystal Palace, I rose in their estimation when I said the Prince Consort was my King; which was not strictly true, but how else could I explain? Many were the surprises in China; but seeing the Prince Consort's Crystal Palace medal in an interior city 2200 years old was one of the greatest. The Chinese minister in London at that time was a friend of these people and he brought this home for them. To the Chinese and Japanese I say I am English, for they do not understand the term British, nor do they know of Canada (although now Canada is becoming known in Japan), but I cannot excuse white people's ignorance as to who and what Canadians are, and as to the meaning of British. An Englishman assured me I was English until I declared he was Scotch. No, I make it clear that I am a Canadian of Scotch descent, and being so am a Britisher.

While the bride was changing her head-gear servants and slaves were preparing tables for the bride's feast. Only very honoured guests sat at this feast—it was indeed an honorary affair for no one ate. The groom's mother stood in the centre of the reception-hall, and a professional female manager brought her to each guest in turn to whom she bowed in Chinese fashion, not by a movement of the head, but by slipping the first and second fingers of her right hand under the left sleeve, and putting the thumb and third and little finger on top and then slowly moving her arms up and down from the elbows, then returned to the centre of the room and stood there until the female manager went to the guest who had been bowed to and led her to the centre of the room facing the groom's mother. Thereupon the guest bowed in the same Chinese fashion (even I did it as gracefully as I could), then the manager brought a metal wine cup and metal chopsticks and conducted the hostess and guest to the guest's seat at the table. When all were seated who were privileged to, the bride's

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STEAMED

SHARK'S FINS.

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spring water. Be ca
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into soup, stew three
bowl placing crab-mea
ham on top." "Delici
delicious. Never hav
commend this recipe,
I have.

Place pigeon's eggs below, and add some hamshreds on top. Boil again slowly with a little fluid. If required sweet, then boil in clear water until tender, add sugar, and then eat. This is a most clear and pure article (?)."

This last sentence is not mine, but I can say that bird's-nest soup is not only decorative on the menu, but is very palatable. I am particularly fond of shark's fins.

Another delicious dish, from a Chinese standpoint, is eggs a hundred days old. I know of one foreigner, strange as it may appear, who is also very fond of eggs a hundred days old. I had no opportunity of tasting this delicacy, otherwise I would have shut my eyes and tried it. This delicacy is not so bad as the description would make one think, for it is put into a pickle of some kind until aged, or seasoned, when it becomes the ideal of the fastidious Celestial gourmet.

My last glimpse of Chinese life, as seen in the beautiful (?) city of Soochow,—Nicknamed

**BIRTHDAY
FEAST**

"Beautiful Soo"—was at a Birthday Feast in a household of 125 persons. There were no men present, nor any Chinese guests, for the Chinese ladies have almost no social intercourse, but there were head wives, little wives, children, servants, and women slaves; there may be men slaves in China but I did not see any, to know them as such, nor did I hear of them. This home was the most refined one I was in, in Soochow. The ladies had none of the boisterous manner, and did none of that loud talking in coarse tones that is so common among Chinese ladies, and which grates on the ear of one accustomed to the gentleness and delicacy of vocal sound of the Japanese ladies. Indeed, these ladies at this Birthday Feast would be ladies anywhere in the world.

We started for this house in a boat; but as the boat got wedged in the narrow canal, and moving would be a question of maybe an hour, we landed and walked the short distance that lay between our stranded boat and the house.

In the courtyard was stationed a band, the best in this leading, literary, and artistic city. It was good; I am sure it was good, from the sounds; but they were strange to the foreign ear and could not be appreciated as they ought; but it was very different from the ear-splitting noise

MUSIC. that one heard in the streets and that one thinks of when a Chinese band is mentioned. This music was in minor keys, and weird and soft. The performers were all men, and in one piece sang a dialogue in voices keyed so high as to be extremely feminine, thereby showing their vocal skill. The training to accomplish this is severe, and must be begun when they are small boys. They made a most typical Oriental picture as they sat in the open around a table. No one word could describe what they sat around, although I have used the word "table," so lacking the word I shall attempt a description. The table was about 6 ft. by 3 ft. and upon it was a pot of tea perhaps, perhaps hot wine, but whatever it was, it was in great demand. Above the table was a frame work about six feet in height of much decorated and much carved wood, interset with glass of various hues, and the pictures on the glass were shown to advantage by lanterns hung behind, and queer looking Chinese lanterns were hung from every available place on this frame work; while beyond was the old entrance gate, strong enough to keep out an army—an army of Chinese any way—and around were the high, ugly, grey walls of the courtyard, and above was the blue of the heavens, filled with stars that twinkled softly down upon this bizarre scene. Later on, ere we left, a big moon came slowly over the top of the great wall of the courtyard. What more could one want?

The guests sat in the reception-hall as they listened to the music. In this hall was the family altar, trimmed with emblems suitable to the occasion. The colour scheme was red. Large satin banners, with characters in gilt, wishing long life and *happiness*, hung upon the walls. In the place of *honour*, for a picture, was a wall-hanging, repre-

senting the Goddess of Mercy riding on a goose's back, and coming down from heaven to earth to attend a Birthday Feast which was going on in the lower corner of the picture. Surely here is the origin of our Mother Goose's rhymes. My friend said that the Chinese had many nursery rhymes similar to ours. I called the bird a goose, it might have been a stork and had something to do with the German legend of the stork. On the altar, leaning against this picture, was a tablet covered with red paper upon which there was much writing and which was the tablet of the one honoured by the feast who never put in an appearance, much to the relief of the other ladies of the household for she was said to be a tartar. As it was the ladies took turns in going to her to play chess. In front of this tablet were displayed the presents, which were of food daintily garnished, while in front of the presents stood two large pewter candlesticks with tall red candles burning in them, and between them was the incense urn. The incense for this occasion was in the shape of a character for good luck, that looked exactly as our picture fire-works do in the day time; but instead of going off with great display, only smouldered and emitted a sweet heavy odour. Once while I was listening intently to the music, and trying to make head or tail out of it, I was touched on the shoulder by one of the ladies so that my attention would be drawn to a ceremony that was going on. A red satin cushion had been laid on the stone floor in front of the altar, and the eldest and youngest grandson were making their obeisance to—just what, I am not sure, but think to the red tablet that represented the honoured person, because after the obeisances it was taken by the eldest grandson, followed by the youngest, outside into the street and there burnt. At this stage of the proceedings an imitation dragon of fearful appearance was to come amongst us and strike terror, but as the feast was ready, this thrilling experience, what the children were eager for, was delayed.

When we came we were ushered into a room

which might be termed a dining-room, although they seemed to eat in any and every room, and there served with tea in which rose leaves had been put, peanuts, Chinese candy, and dried watermelon seeds, and for something extra, pieces of Japanese pears. The head lady took a handful of the eatables and put them on the table in front of her guests. From this room we were taken into the show bedrooms of the house. The bedrooms, in all the houses I was in, had wooden floors painted a dark red, but no carpets, or rugs. A Chinese bed is a large one with a canopy of elaborately carved

BEDS wood, in which pictures in marble are set. The beds have mattresses which are supported by a lattice work of woven hemp fastened to a wooden frame making a very comfortable bed. The pillow is similar to ours only very small and thin. During the day a sheet covers the mattress and the wadded silk comforters are neatly folded lengthwise and laid at the back of the bed. Inside of the wooden canopy hang silk curtains which are drawn at night so that the sleeper is completely shut in—a very good idea in a land where mosquitoes are plentiful, but at variance with our idea of ventilation while sleeping. On a shelf of beautiful native wood, covered with a common foreign cloth for style, were some curios which we admired as we sipped tea and talked on various subjects of interest—one being dress. It is so nice, that women the world over can have subjects of mutual interest. I mean this: dress is not always a subject to be treated lightly, or scornfully. Here we learnt some of the

DRESS niceties of the Chinese dress: learnt that little wives must always wear a black skirt and certain other badges of position: learnt that widows cannot wear red. The red skirt is the most beautiful in the eyes of the Chinese and is worn on dress occasion by those who are fortunately neither widows, nor little wives. What would an old maid wear? of that I am not sure, *but would be tempted to answer that there are no old maids, or the equivalent, in China.* Winter

clothes cannot be put on to suit the climate, or the temperature of the wearer; but must be donned on the arrival of a certain date, set, I think, by the Imperial Court. Who sets the fashions in China? Tailors, not by the name of Worth though, but whose decrees are followed as blindly by the Chinese as Worth's are by Europeans, set the fashions. Foreigners in the East think these distinctions in the natives dress much fuss about nothing, forgetting that they have similar distinctions the breach of which appears to them as very ludicrous, or shocking. Imagine a widow in a pale pink dress, or a child in a black basque. Is it not sometimes said of a woman of perhaps fifty years that she dresses like a young girl? Have you never heard "she was so girlishly dressed," "that hat makes me look too old"? It is when one comes to the East and sees Orientals wearing Occidental dress, that one realises all the niceties of western dress, and when one sees these people copying us one must realise that our life is surrounded, nay, more than surrounded, it is filled to the centre, with etiquette and fastidious form. A lady told me that when she came out from Europe by the Suez, in 1905, a Chinaman on board the steamer always dressed for dinner, dress-coat and vest, tie, and showed an expanse of white shirt front, and when seen sitting at the table he was *de rigueur* but when he rose his mauve silk Chinese trousers more than suggested the ludicrous. There are a few foreigners who wear Chinese dress, mostly the members of the China Inland Mission, and I am told that at times they make very funny mistakes in matters of detail. To see a fair haired foreigner wearing the front of his head shaved and a long fair queue hanging down his back is as funny a sight as any Chinese combination of our dress could be.

There are so many by-ways of thought that it is difficult to keep to the subject under immediate consideration which in this case is the Birthday Feast that is awaiting us in the so-called dining-room. I was motioned to take a certain seat

at the table, and as it is polite in my country to conform to direction in such case I bowed and took it, then there was a fluttering among the head ladies of the house for I had been, by mistake, bidden to take a humble seat with my back to the heavens (as seen through an open door). This would never do, so I was changed and sat facing outside, and when all the guests, six in number, were seated at the three sides of the table, the two head wives sat at the fourth. How there came to be two head ladies of equal rank my friend could never fathom; but there they were, and they shared the honours. At each place on the polished table were a pair of ivory chopsticks and a porcelain spoon. There were no tablecloth, no napkins, no pepper and salt, no confusing array of knives, forks, and spoons. No, just a dainty pair of ivory chopsticks, which are the most difficult of all chopsticks to use, and the spoon; and what can not be done at the table with these is considered work for the kitchen. Although we had already sipped tea, and partaken of sweets many times, still it had to be done once more, for they were the first course of the actual meal. So we sipped tea and cracked watermelon-seeds and waited for the second course which we knew would be something we were all very fond of, namely, shark's fins. The dishes are not removed from the table every time fresh ones come on, so soon the table is crowded, and only those dishes that have been longest on the table are removed to make way for the new ones. I do not remember the order of the ten, or twelve, courses, but generally speaking they grade from the most expensive—shark's fins and bird's nest's soup,—to the cheapest,—rice. The Chinese rice is much inferior to the Japanese, indeed many of the poor Japanese sell their home grown rice and buy that from China and make a profit on the transaction. The Chinese serve their food very hot; many of the bowls have double bottoms and hot water is *put in the lower part*. Somewhere between the *first and last course* comes a dish of sea-slugs. I did

not relish them although I confess it was mostly due to imagination because of the name and of the helpless way a fat slug would hang over the chopstick when it was lifted from its bed of soup. How delicious are the Chinese soups! I like Chinese food, finding it very like our own, but I object strongly to the way it is served. Every one dips his spoon into the public soup bowl and then his chopsticks into the same bowl in search of a piece of meat. My hostess wishing to serve me with some more fish wiped her chopsticks in her mouth then put them into the fish bowl and laid an especially good piece of fish on my spoon for me to eat. One does many unusual things in the East. It is said by foreigners that Chinese food is greasy but my experience is that it is not exceptionally greasy any more than ours, but like ours, if not properly cooked is very apt to be so. The Chinese ladies were pleased that I could use chopsticks, as I had only been a few weeks in their country. It is amusing to see a baby learning to use them, but in a surprisingly short time the baby fingers become very skilful. A Chinese baby is a very funny looking object in his winter clothes, which are wadded; and, as he is naturally fat it is sometimes difficult to tell which way he is longest. His scanty hair gathered into an embryo pig-tail encouraged to hope for greater things by a liberal use of red yarn, is enough to make any one smile. The feast ended by the washing of faces and hands on a towel wrung out of boiling water (this cloth was frequently too hot for me to hold) and when we went into the outer reception-hall to hear the music, the higher servants, who were feasting at a table placed in front of the altar, moved to our deserted table, and servants of a lower order took their places in the outer hall. The head servant in this house ruled the ladies with a rod of iron. Servants in a Chinese home are all powerful as they are also spies on their mistresses, and much grief comes from their malicious tale-bearing. You ask, "what do the slaves do?" Slaves seem to be more as personal attendants of the ladies. After the feast

the head ladies were listening to the music, when a slave came up to one of them with a water-pipe filled with tobacco and thrust it into her mouth. The lady never made any sign of knowing that the pipe was between her lips, except to take a puff—only one whiff for then the pipe was exhausted and the slave withdrew it and replenished it to stick in another lady's mouth. I thought the Japanese pipe queer enough with its two whiffs of tobacco, but it is small and two whiffs are its complement; but the Chinese pipe is stranger still for, although a big affair of several compartments and a cord and tassel, it holds only one whiff.

In one of the outer reception halls, separated from the main house by the courtyard in which was stationed the band, a juggler showed his skill, and he was said to be the best in Soochow and very wonderful, but I do not find that juggling and acrobatic performers in the East are equal to the Eastern performers whom we see in the West. The best go abroad where more money is to be had. By this time, 9.30 p.m., the evening's entertainment was really only beginning but we had to leave. We were invited to return the next day and the following day to see theatricals by the best professional performers in this centre of Celestial Empire civilization. I regretted that I had to miss this opportunity of seeing something of the Chinese stage but owing to the very unsettled state of the country it was not considered safe for me to return to Shanghai alone, nor did I wish to, and as a foreign gentleman who could speak Chinese was going down the next day it was thought advisable that I should go with him. Naturally, on the journey we were talking and I was telling of my delight in seeing so much Chinese life, and I emphasised the ever present prospect—the dirt. He did not think it as bad as I said, which surprised me, for I knew it was worse, until by the dim light of our barge-lantern I saw his hands and then I ceased to be surprised that he did not think the Chinese so very dirty. Sorry as I was to miss the theatricals in

Soochow, I am glad to have been in Shanghai for the riots December 18th 1905.

Three days after my departure from Soochow my friends were telegraphed to, by their Consul in Shanghai, to flee for their lives. Had I waited those few days more I would have had the thrilling experience of fleeing for my life from an old walled city of China.

There are not many railways in China, but I was fortunately able to have a short ride on one that ran from Shanghai to Neziang but which when finished will run to Soochow.

The railway station at Shanghai is a modern Western building. A Chinese clerk sells the tickets, but a British Sikh policeman guards the gates and punches the tickets, which are printed in English as well as in Chinese. The conductor, in a foreign uniform of strange cut and with a pig-tail hanging from beneath his peaked cap, said "Tickets please." This was a surprise. But that was the end of his knowledge of English. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church. The train fairly crawled along but it was a pleasure to watch the expressions on the faces of the people; for the most of them it was the first ride. Coming back, a foreign gentleman got on whom I knew, and as there was a half seat unoccupied in front of me I motioned for him to sit there but he did not. I thought if he preferred standing to sitting in front of me and beside a Chinese woman he could. Afterwards I found out that he knew it would be insulting to the Chinese woman to sit on the same seat with her.

I had heard of the graves of China but never realized what that meant until on this short railway trip of ten miles. Graves were everywhere. The whole country was simply a grave-yard. The small spaces, where there were neither tombs nor coffins standing, were vegetable gardens.

The advantage of being on a slow travelling train was that there was time to see the country. In one vegetable garden a man was using a plough

the like of which I had only hitherto seen in Bible pictures. Some of the tombs are earth mounds now grass grown, others are small houses built of brick with holes in each end through which the spirits come and go at will. This is very necessary, for a Chinaman on the train gravely told us that each person had three spirits when they were living, and six hundred when they were dead. These openings for the six hundred spirits were quite small and I longed to ask how much room a spirit took—if the six hundred could go through the small opening abreast, or had they to go one by one—but could not speak Chinese and was afraid to ask the missionary to interpret such a question.

Once I thought I had a glimpse of a wedding, for people were gathered in the yard of a house and there was much shouting and beating of drums, and display of quantities of red coloring, but was told it was a funeral service.

Here, was a small boy seated on the back of a buffalo cow, either watching his father's flock of goats, or keeping away the crows from the rice crop; there, a huge sail appeared to be moving slowly across fields, where there is a sail moving it is safe to presume there is a boat, and where there is a boat it is equally safe to presume there is water, but all that could be seen was a sail in a field.

The Chinese live in villages, and go out to their little patches of ground called by courtesy, farms.

Even in the country everything looked dirty; the goats appearing to be the only clean things, and they may only have appeared clean because they were in the distance. Of course I must acknowledge I was there in December, or winter weather.

At Neziang the train waited one hour at the station which was a mile from the village; and gathered there were 250 people to see the foreigners and listen to what the missionary had to say. The latter was conversing on ordinary topics, endeavoring to make a good impression and thus pave *the way for* what was her particular duty. I *noticed* a man and woman asking her something very

earnestly and very often, and afterwards learnt they were inviting the missionary to their home to talk to the people.

The two Chinese policemen in charge of the station had their numbers in both English and Chinese, as were also the names of all the stations.

This account is short but so was the journey—only ten miles.

While in China I heard very little Pidgin-English because the Chinese whom I met either spoke the little English they knew correctly, or did not speak

**PIDGIN OR BUSINESS
ENGLISH**

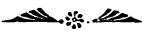
any; and then my friends could all speak Chinese.

Only twice in five weeks did I hear this mongrel language spoken, once from the lips of a dainty Scotch lady in a home which bespoke of refinement, when she said to a servant "Catchee my one piecee card top-side from, chop-chop, savey?" To hear such words from so fair a lady was as a "cauld blast fra' her ain hills." As the amah (servant) appeared not to have understood, for she brought the wrong card, the mistress added "my no wanchee, so fashion card my wanchee." This was once. The other time was when the German officer in charge of the tender running from the Bund to the German steamers at Woosang in reply to my inquiry if my luggage, that had been sent the day before, had arrived said, "all the same front side have got one piece for, one piece trunk, talkee true, wanchee?" Then as I was about to go up on deck he added "Better go bottomside my too muchee fear topside makee cold." Somehow this language made me feel humiliated.

Most foreigners, who are not missionaries, speak pidjin-English to the Chinese and know almost nothing of the people in whose country they live. Each one to whom I told my interesting Chinese experiences would say "are there any nice Chinese," or "oh, how could you go into the homes?" My husband will never allow me to go near them." This was accompanied by a shudder to add emphasis and also to show that contamination could be the

only result, although I have no personal interest in the Chinese, this way of speaking of them as though they were the scum of the earth was annoying, yet filled me with pity that intelligent creatures should live years in a country and know absolutely nothing of the people there and did not even care to investigate and see for themselves whether the people were so immeasurably beneath them, but were content to take false hearsay for truth. How ready we are to believe the 'cons' and how slow to even listen to the 'pros.'

Even when speaking English it is necessary to introduce words from the language of the country one is in, and near. For example, compradore, joss, junk, are from the Portuguese: shroff, (a money expert), tiffin (luncheon), chit (a note sent by a messenger), godown (a warehouse), and coolie, come from the East Indian; and of Chinese words there are chop (a document), chow (food), kumshow (a tip), and Bund (a street on the water front), sampan (a small, row-boat) and a host of others.



POSTSCRIPTS.

The Chinese have a great admiration for the Japanese nationally, and it is said that that is one of the incentives to the uneasiness in China at the present time. The Japanese, in the character of David, smote the Russian Goliath hip and thigh; why should not China assert herself?

Japanese teachers are scattered all over China in the schools. In Soochow there is a Chinese school for girls; and these girls have Japanese calisthenics, and for this exercise wear the uniform of a Japanese soldier. A funnier sight could not be than these Chinese girls in ill-fitting Japanese uniforms.

"Forfeits" is one of the favorite games. If you see a group of children looking very solemn as they move fingers at each other, then it is "forfeits" they are playing. The game consists in the players flinging out one, or more, fingers, and shouting out a number; then the other who is playing must instantly fling out as many fingers as will, if added to the number mentioned by this opponent, make up ten, and must also shout out the number of fingers that he throws out. If a mistake be made a forfeit must be paid.

Another game is shuttle-cock. The cock is kept in motion by kicking it with the heels. This requires great skill. Even girls, on their bound feet, play at this game but the boys of course play it better.

Filial piety is the greatest of all virtues in Chinese eyes. I had read of filial piety being carried to such an extreme that a child would cut off a piece of flesh to make medicine for a sick

parent, but scarcely believed it until I talked with a lady who years before had cut off her little finger to make medicine for her father and who now wore a gold nail-protector as a substitute.

It is Chinese fancy to allow the finger-nails to grow until they are several inches long, and as they are then in danger of being broken a silver or a gold protector is worn. Sometimes a man will wear three, or four of these claw-like things.

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I asked a Chinese lady if the "Leer-mong" ate rats, and she had never heard of such a thing. Why should we make such a fuss about a poor Chinaman eating a rat? As though a rat could have a more objectionable taste than some of our cheese—Stilton or Limberger—or game that is very "high."

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The compasses seen everywhere for sale are not mariner's compasses but for geomancy.

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A Chinaman and a fan always go together in pictures, but these must have been always taken in summer time, for I never saw the two together while in China in December, but believe that they are extensively used by both sexes. In Canton white ones can be bought with maps of that city on them; but the Chinese map-maker has adapted the map to the shape of the fan.

* * *

Ancestral worship is the basis of Chinese religious belief. The spirits that pass after death into the other world have necessities, and want comforts; and so the faithful descendents of the dead have need to send them houses, boats, clothing, sedan chairs, and money. It is a make-believe offering, for the luxuries bestowed upon the spirits are in the form of paper models, or emblems. These paper things *are burnt and their substance floats away in smoke to the grateful acceptance of the expectant dead.*

That which a Chinaman desires, above all else, is a son to keep green his memory and attend to his wants in the next world ; and, before even these, to give his body an appropriate burial. This service is not all unselfish on the part of the son, for Ancestral worship includes the idea that if the son be unfaithful to his father calamity will befall him.

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There are many Chinese doctors, and medical practice on the Chinese plan is peculiar. Generally speaking, what cures one is expected to cure all ; but what kills one is not expected to kill another, for it is tried again and again. I heard of one Chinese doctor who had reached such fame that he allowed patients to come to him only from 9 to 12 o'clock in the night, and then only ten each night ; but the eleventh, whether the case were acute or chronic didn't seem to matter, was given a ticket so that he would be first the next night.

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If you see a man wearing big horn-rimmed spectacles, then you know that he wishes to convey the idea that he is learned.

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Chinese ladies shave ; the first shaving is done with a thread and is a very painful process. Their faces are as smooth and soft as velvet.

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In Shanghai vehicles follow the English custom ; they turn to the left when meeting ; but in Soochow they turn to the right, which latter is the Chinese custom. It may be mentioned incidentally that in Japan they turn to the left.

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In the cosmopolitan city of Shanghai, Russian carriages with horses harnessed in the way seen in pictures as peculiar to that country were often seen.

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Chinese Christians have a hard time of it when there is an anti-foreign riot, for the Chinese are against them and the foreigners leave the country, and thus they are alone. The number of those whose faith has stood severe tests is perhaps past finding out; but they are many.

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Why is China called the "flowery kingdom?" There are very few flowers, indeed I cannot remember seeing any, in public places; they were certainly none and no place for any in either of the public gardens I was in. One was a Cantonese garden and the other a Kiangsee. These public gardens are always walled in from the street and require an admittance fee, or prolonged hammering at the gate.

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I have mentioned the old wall of Soochow, but forgot to state that it was built about B. C. 221. and is 12 miles in length. There are reliable Chinese records dating back to the time of Abraham.

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The geography used in the McTyeire School states that the Chinese are "a half civilized race," and when a Chinese teacher was imparting this to a class she said "yes, that is true. Our women are not educated, and as they are about half of the population, so we are half-civilized."

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There are doubtless funnier things than a Korean hat, but one does not often see them.

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Little donkeys, about half a donkey high, run along the streets of Soochow wearing strings of bells around the neck that make a merry sound, suggesting sleigh bells, although there is not much else to support the suggestion. One often sees a *big* Chinaman sitting on one of those miniature

donkeys quite unconscious that the fitness of things would be better sustained if he carried the donkey. One tall foreigner, whom I knew, said whenever he rode a donkey and wished to rest the donkey from the burden of his weight he just let down his legs and walked without ever stopping the beast. That is true I am sure.

* * *

It is surely a fragment of ancient times to see prisoners going through the streets with a large square of wood called a canque, around each one's neck. Most uncomfortable, as it is meant to be, for they cannot rest their head when lying down nor can they touch the face with the hand. In Shanghai the death cage is done away with, but not so in other places. This cage is of wooden bars and the head of the condemned man is fastened outside of the top and at such a height that only the very tip of his toe touches the floor of the cage, and in that way held up by his head he is left to die.

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The ruin brought about by the Taiping rebellion is pointed out to the stranger.

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China is a country where learning ranks high. Certain examinations bring great honour to the successful, who are few compared to the number who try. Neither a boatman, nor a barber, is allowed to try the examinations.

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In Foreign Shanghai, Chinamen cannot hold property in their own name, but nevertheless they own many of the finest sites through the name of a foreigner, and now, 1905, they are agitating representation because they are taxpayers. This is not to be wondered at for it is inevitable that sooner or later those who pay the piper will claim the right to call the tune.

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Strange indeed would be the thing that a Chinaman could not carry on a bamboo pole. One would not expect pigs to be carried by that means, but they are, and they squeal themselves hoarse as they hang tied to the pole by their legs.

* * *

The missionaries take Chinese names, and many of the Chinese take foreign names. Of course I cannot say how a Chinese name applied to a foreigner sounds in Chinese ears, but in the Orient when one hears a Chinaman called by a foreign name the suggestion is that he may be a Eurasian. I could not receive a written invitation to a wedding because my friend did not know my Chinese name. My Chinese name is the first syllable of my own name, MacLean,—thus the Chinese call me "Ma Siettziong," the last four syllables mean Miss. I heard of missionaries being unable to ask for each other from the Chinese because they had forgotten the Chinese name.

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At the present day when so many civilized people are "on a diet," and when all new combinations of food advertised as pre-digested are welcomed, a few words on the food shops of China may be interesting. On the whole, shops are fairly clean and tidy, except the food ones, which are distinctly dirty—dirty even for dirty China. Everywhere are restaurants, open to the dust of the street, that are more like witches' kitchens as they have great cauldrons of bubbling stews, and from the ceiling hang strange looking foods. It is just what we pictured in childhood days when listening to some fairy tale. This was like the story before the good fairy came and conquered the witch. Dr. Dyer Ball observes:—"it is not every foreign stomach that can stand the sight of *hundreds of greenish-brown worms, fresh from rice fields, exposed for sale.*"

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As there are twenty 'cash' to a cent, very small purchases can be made. The economically minded can buy a section of a very small orange, or two or three peanuts. Purchases are not wrapped up in paper as with us, nor in "furoshiki" as with the Japanese, but are tied with a string and dangle from the purchaser's finger. I have seen men cooks returning from marketing with a raw kidney, or a piece of beefsteak, tied in the middle with a string, and being swung carelessly along by the other end of the string looped on to a finger. One day a man had several pork chops tied in this way, and one slipped out, small wonder, and fell on the dirty street. That did not matter to him, he just picked it up and went on his way.

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When one remembers that gunpowder, printing, and a host of other great and useful things, were originated in China, one can only say that the Chinese blundered into great beginnings, and rested. Now even these great beginnings are being obliterated.

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The constant noise and loud talking, better say shrieking, in a Chinese city is very wearying.

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On rainy days a Chinaman wears a leather shoe with great nails of a wedge shape fastened in the soles. One day hearing a company of soldiers tramping behind me I thought it wise to step into a doorway to let it pass: the company of soldiers was one man in rain shoes on the stone pavement.

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I talked with a woman who when a baby had been thrown away, left on a grave to die because she had the small-pox.

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The "baby tower," a place in which to throw babies that are not wanted, that was outside of the wall of the native city of Shanghai, has lately been taken away.

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The old wall that surrounds the native city of Shanghai bespoke indeed of ancient times; yet leaning against it was a lamp-post of the modern variety.

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Six of the girls from McTyeire School had just gone, Nov. 1905, to the United States to enter upon university training, and one to study medicine in St. Louis.

* * *

, Young China ' has discarded his queue and it is very often difficult to tell him from 'Young Japan.' He wears western trousers of a cut that I never thought would occur to any one.

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When the Shanghai Riot was over there was only one Chinese policeman to be seen guarding the interests of the city, and he was upheld by six armed Sikh policemen.

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One delightful thing about the ports in the East is that one can take a jinrikisha no matter where one may be, but the pleasure of riding in them is marred in Shanghai because there the 'rick'shas' are so rough riding that they jolt out hairpins, which is trying to one's temper; and then the men who draw them are so dirty, so untidy, so ignorant, and so unintelligent looking that they come nearer in relation to the lower animals than I ever imagined men could.

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In an ancient Chinese house I saw a telephone. *Incongruities* are everywhere in the East.

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In the Chinese houses the passage-ways are very narrow, and always make my friend shudder, for she says they are the cause of so many women being burnt to death. The houses seemed to me to be impervious to fire but that is not so, they are death traps for many.

* * *

What is a bound foot like? Place the thumb on a table then curl the fingers underneath and you have some idea what the position of the bound foot is—the big toe taking the place of the thumb, and the little toes the fingers—the part of the foot corresponding to the palm of the hand is a very tender place and very susceptible to decay, or gangrene, and must be kept very clean. The foot is humped so that only the big toe and the heel really go into the shoe. This hump is much admired and is called the "Golden Hook."

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A Chinese "amah," servant, who had travelled the world around several times, who had spent a year, or more in Europe, and some months in America, was asked "Amah, you have lived in Europe where you have seen the beautiful cities etc., and gardens fragrant with flowers, and buildings as beautiful as man can make,—(and so on in this strain)—. You have been in America and have seen the wonderful things done there in a short time. Now, of all the places where you have been in which would you prefer to live?" The old servant thought for a long time, her thoughts were accompanied by many doubtful head-shakes. Of course the expected answer was China, for one would rather live in one's own country, but the answer that came after due consideration was, "well, ah, well, eggs are cheapest in Pekin."

When we think of it, how like we are to the old Chinese amah. Good food—or rather food to our taste—is an important factor in making a place desirable to live in. I have heard people discussing a European trip and say "Venice? ah that was

where the hotel was abominable: Rome? Do you remember the delicious meals there? Paris? You should taste French cooking." Is not that familiar? Really I must withdraw my scorn of such, as far as the East is concerned, for hotel accommodation adds to, or detracts much, from one's pleasure.

While speaking of food I might mention we had "Illustrated pickles" on board the German Mail Steamer.

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One of the frequently heard sounds on the streets in China is the twang of the cotton bow as it whips the hillock of white fluffy cotton into shape for a lining to a quilt. The man is always bare to the waist, and the bow is fastened to his back and comes up over his head, and the string reaches down in front of him to the cotton.

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One is never sure of a Chinaman's name for it is changed at every memorable event, and sometimes between as well. Even the school-girls take different names. There is one though that clings to them for life.

The Japanese give a different name to a person after their death, but I am not sure if that be a Chinese custom.

* * *

Chinese have many dialects and these are so different that a man from one province cannot converse with a man from another unless they both can speak Pidgin-English, or some foreign language in common.

Returning on the steamer from China I heard a Chinaman and a Chinawoman speaking to each other in Japanese, this surprised me so that I, in my Japanese, said "why do you, a Chinawoman, speak to that man, a Chinaman, in Japanese?" *She said it was because they did not understand each other's Chinese.* Here were two Chinese, and

a white person able to converse in Japanese, a language foreign to both, while the German steward looked on in amazement at the queer mixture of peoples and tongues. Would you like to hear some Pidgin-English? Here is a familiar quotation from Hamlet "Can do, no can do, how fashion?" Here is the "Moral" of "Excelsior":—"You too muchee laugh! What for sing? I tink so you no savey what ting! Suppose you no blong clever inside, more betta you go walk topside. Topside Galow!"

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Ancestral tablets originated in B.C. 350.

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Chinese art, particularly as seen in embroidery, is perfect in each detail; but in art each perfect detail put together does not make a perfect whole, for the eye cannot focus itself in more than one place at a time.

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On the marriage of a daughter her father is paid a sum of money by the bride-groom or, his people.

* * *

Queen of Heaven Temple. That is an attractive name but the temple was most unattractive, being filthy. Barbers were plying their trade under the very nose of the goddess.

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In connection with Chinese weddings there is the ceremony of adoption. At the Christian wedding I attended, this ceremony of adopting a grown-up son took place the day after the wedding. It has its origin in fooling the gods, and to my idea was out of place at a Christian wedding.

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Shanghai is not far from London, England. You look surprised at this! Two Canadians, stood on the Bund at Shanghai one day, and in eighteen days

less one hour, they were standing on the streets of London. They had crossed Russia by rail and found the trip monotonous as it was taken when the ground was covered with snow.

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It has been my endeavor to be truthful in all that I have stated but, unintentionally, I may have conveyed a wrong impression, if so, it cannot be a more marvelous statement than another writer before me made, when he said. "The Parsees were originally inhabitants of Persia, but were driven from their native country 1,200 years ago, and nearly all are now living in Bombay, where many of them have acquired great wealth." There are many strange things said of China, but none as strange as this.

* * *

The following sneaks for itself:—

In Kobe, Japan, the story of the Prodigal Son in a Japanese setting was being illustrated by lime light views. The son, a Japanese, sank in the social scale until he was employed by a Chinaman. This was bad enough judging by the shocked expressions on the faces of the Japanese audience, but a low murmur of horror told that the depths of degradation had been reached when he was reprovved by the Chinaman. Further humiliation could not have been, so he returned to his father's house.

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The voyage from China to Japan had many interesting incidents. Amongst them was spending Christmas in a German steamer on the Yellow Sea. We were awakened on Christmas morning by the music of German hymns: While struggling from sleep to consciousness by the medium of these hymns I thought that I was surely in a cathedral, for the whole air seemed filled with the sweetness and grandeur of sacred music. A fitting beginning *for the day*. The day, as far as Christmas was concerned, ended with the beginning.

The Purser told the cook to give extra food to the steerage passengers as it was Christmas day, but the cook remonstrated saying they were all Orientals and cared nothing about Christmas. Later on the Purser learned that there was one German among the steerage passengers, so ordered a special dish for him. The order was countermanded; this German was a Jew.

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One day, when speaking of the high sense of honour the Japanese have the Purser said that one time a Japanese coolie, backed by a dozen or so of friends, came to his office to complain that one of the crew of that German steamer had insulted him and he demanded satisfaction. At first the purser thought the affair a huge joke but soon he realized that the coolie was in earnest and he had to summon the miscreant. Satisfaction meant an apology. The Japanese could not understand German so of course could not tell if the man were really apologising or, if he were fooling, so demanded *yen* five as a guarantee of good faith. Five *yen*, \$2.50, is a month's wage for most of the lower classes and consequently represents much money. When the five *yen* was given to the coolie he, to show that it was not money he wanted when his honour was at stake, went to the railing and tore the bill into small pieces and threw it out to sea. Then as the pieces were borne away on the breeze he, feeling that his honour had been vindicated, bowed to the purser and left. I wish that story could be written up by a Lafcadio Hearn.

The Purser, although he does not like the Japanese, admitted that he knows of no class so desirable to be in charge of. He was on the steamer that brought the Japanese refugees from Russia to Japan. The ship had 850 Japanese on board and the Purser expected a great scramble when meal time came, and judging from the same class in other countries, expected trouble all the time. Instead of being a trouble, as many as were needed assisted the ship's crew, and everything went like machinery.

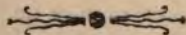
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A Chinaman on board could not understand any language but his own, yet I, who could not speak Chinese, undertook to have him tell us the Chinese word for "China," for of course the natives of that country do not say "China."

As we were gathered around the tea-table everyone was interested in my attempts but advised me again and again to give it up. I did not until I had triumphed. A great cheer went up when the Chinaman said "Tsung gwoa."

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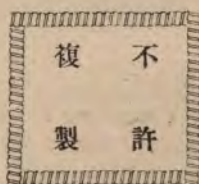
福 These Chinese characters are very often to be seen. The left hand one conveys the idea of clothing; the upper right hand one the idea of a roof the middle one a month; and the lower right hand one a rice field. Now, what more could one wish for than a rice field for food, a mouth with which to eat it, a roof over one's head and clothing? Hence the combination of these characters means "Happiness."



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